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The Roman Sacring of King Alfred.

THE long-talked-of celebration of the King Alfred millenary with which the air has been more than usually full during these past weeks, has produced quite a respectable literature of its own. Not to speak of the newspapers and the magazines which have of course contributed their quota, the occasion has been marked by the appearance, even as early as 1899, of a number of small Lives and volumes of essays, appealing to many audiences and dealing separately with almost every phase of the subject. The Poet Laureate has reprinted his poem on his namesake, a cheaper impression has been issued of the well-known volume by the author of *Tom Brown's School-Days*, and the Oxford Professor of Anglo-Saxon has published a learned monograph on the Alfred Jewel. These tributes to the memory of our national hero have been written from many different standpoints and with varying degrees of competence and incompetence, but in their estimate of that hero's character all, with hardly an exception, are agreed. For the thousand years and more that the English monarchy has lasted, no greater king, no worthier shepherd of his people, has ever ruled this land. In the words of the late Professor Freeman :¹

Even the legendary reputation of Ælfred is hardly too great for his real merits. No man recorded in history seems ever to have united so many great and good qualities. At once, captain, lawgiver, saint, and scholar, he devoted himself with a single mind to the welfare of his people in every way. He showed himself alike their deliverer, their ruler, and their teacher.²

It is natural that on such an occasion those features in the life of a hero which seem less popular or less conspicuously patriotic, should be kept rather in the background. We need

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*, article, Ælfred.

² Even a scoffer like Voltaire, as the Poet Laureate notes in his preface, has no sneer for Alfred. "Je ne sais," he writes, "s'il y a jamais eu sur la terre un homme plus digne des respects de la postérité qu'Alfred le grand."

not accuse our Protestant friends of any malicious intention because they have dwelt but little upon Alfred's Catholicism or upon his attitude towards Rome and the Papacy. But it may surely be pardoned in a journal like *THE MONTH*, if we do not here observe the same reticence. With the prospect of a coronation—*quod felix faustumque sit*—before us in the near future, and with the din of the controversy over the Protestant Declaration still ringing in our ears, it may not be amiss to remind ourselves that he, who is by common consent the greatest and noblest monarch in our annals, was after all a Catholic prince of conspicuous piety, a man who heard daily Mass and burned candles uninterruptedly before his favourite relics. He it was who alone amongst our sovereigns received sacred unction¹ in Rome at the hands of the Pope, and it was in his day that, despite all difficulties of communication, an annual embassy was sent across the seas, bearing the King's alms and filial homage to the common Father of Christendom.

How deeply the tradition of the Roman sacring of King Alfred had impressed the minds of Englishmen in the middle ages is curiously illustrated by the fact that in a miniature of the fourteenth century, perhaps the earliest attempt to produce a fancy portrait of the great lawgiver, Alfred is represented as holding in one hand a crown and in the other the *ampulla*, or oil vessel, in obvious reference to the ceremony of his anointing.² Similarly, it seems to have been not uncommon with mediæval writers to trace royal genealogies back to Alfred as though by virtue of this unction he was to be considered the founder of the English monarchy,³ while Matthew Paris and others, seemingly without early authority,

¹ The reader may be reminded that the unction is alleged to have taken place when Alfred was sent to Rome as a child by his father King Ethelwulf.

² MS. Cotton, Claudius, D. vi. fol. 7, at the British Museum. The drawings in this MS. were perhaps executed by Matthew Paris, but see Hardy (*Materials*, iii. 194).

³ This is the case with the MS. Cotton, Claudius, D. vi. fol. 10, just referred to. Cf. a Cambridge MS. described by Hardy (*Materials*, iii. 47), and another in the Phillips collection (*Ibid.* p. 45), and again one at Paris (*Ibid.* p. 44), &c. It is noteworthy that in the Saxon Chronicles themselves, see for instance the Parker MS. edited by Plummer, the pedigree of the royal line of Wessex traced back to Noah and Adam is inserted upon occasion of the death of Ethelwulf, almost immediately after the mention of Alfred's sacring. It is as though the chronicler felt that at this point there was a new departure in English kingship, and that this was the true beginning of the monarchy. A similar feature may be noticed in Florence of Worcester and others who borrow from the Chronicles. In the Parker MS. of the Chronicle, the most ancient, a cross is constantly marked in the margin when Alfred's name occurs. This is apparently done for no one else.

attribute the revolt of the elder sons of King Ethelwulf to jealousy of the dignity which the anointing had conferred upon this child of five, the youngest of the family.

But before we can proceed to enlarge upon the significance or the effects of Alfred's regal unction, we are met by a very serious question as to whether this unction ever took place at all. Asser indeed asserts it, and so do the Chronicles, which are also contemporary authorities; but the late Bishop of Oxford, whose opinion is of course entitled to the highest respect, has cast grave doubt upon the occurrence, and the matter can no longer be taken for granted, as most writers have done hitherto. It may be well then to devote some little attention to this important difficulty.

In the Preface to his edition of the *Gesta Regum* of William of Malmesbury, which appeared only in 1889, and is the last of Bishop Stubbs' contributions to the Rolls' Series, the learned editor commenting upon the story of Alfred's childhood, speaks as follows:

That he was sent to Rome in 853 is beyond doubt. There is a letter of Pope Leo IV. extant in which he writes to Ethelwulf announcing Alfred's arrival, and telling him that he had invested him as his spiritual son with the girdle and vestments of consulship, whatever that may mean.¹ By the English a few years later, and perhaps by Alfred himself, it was regarded as an anticipation of coronation, and the unction, which might be that of confirmation as that of royal consecration.

Bishop Stubbs explains himself a little more fully in a footnote. Referring to the text of the document he adds:

The expression *quasi spiritalem filium* seems to indicate that confirmation was a part of the function, and if there was confirmation there would be unction. The investiture might mean the bestowal of the prætexta, or some similar ceremony which the child might misunderstand, or the grown-up man regard, as a solemn designation for the office afterwards reached.

¹ The extract is preserved for us in the precious *Collectio Canonum* contained in MS. Addit. 8873 at the British Museum. The discovery of the extreme importance of this MS., it is interesting to note, was practically due to Mr. Edmund Bishop, who communicated his transcript of it most generously to P. Ewald for publication in the *Neues Archiv*, vol. v. 1880. The words there quoted from Leo IV.'s letter to Ethelwulf, run: "Filiū vestrum Erfred (*i.e.*, Alfredum), quem hoc in tempore ad sanctorum Apostolorum limina destinare curastis benigne suscepimus, et quasi spiritalem filium consulatus cingulo [Ewald prefers to print *cinguli*, but the reading of the MS. is clear], honore, vestimentisque, ut mos est Romanis consulibus, decoravimus, eo quod in nostris se tradidit manibus." (*Neues Archiv*, v. 389.)

It is curious that these very important observations of Bishop Stubbs seem to have attracted little attention. No notice is taken of them in the majority of the Lives published for the present celebration, though the writers in several instances would have been glad enough to represent the Roman ceremony of 853 as less significant than has hitherto been commonly supposed. Mr. Plummer however in his recent edition of *Two Saxon Chronicles* calls attention to the matter, and, as might be expected,¹ finds himself in thorough accord with the views of the Bishop of Oxford. After referring to some parallel examples of baptism and confirmation administered by the Popes of that epoch, he concludes with the observation: "All this shows that confirmation by the Pope is meant. But the English writers regarded it as a royal unction."

It is a dangerous thing to differ from Bishop Stubbs, and the judicious reader will remark that even in expressing himself as he does he still speaks with caution and reserve. I am inclined however to think that there is more to be said in favour of the traditional interpretation of the ceremony than the Bishop, for the purpose of a casual footnote, had probably time to take account of. It is not quite easy to explain in clear terms the precise degree in which I venture to dissent from the view of Dr. Stubbs. The main point seems, so far as I can define it, to be this. Dr. Stubbs thinks there was misconception and misrepresentation in regard to the nature of the Roman ceremony. I submit that with our imperfect knowledge of the usages of the period we are not justified in assuming that there was any such misunderstanding. It is in the first place quite possible and even likely that there *was* that formal and special anointing which would be naturally inferred from the phrase, "he hallowed him to King,"² but even supposing Dr. Stubbs to be right in assuming that there was no other unction than that of confirmation, I urge that Asser and the Chroniclers are not shown to have erred. We have no right to exclude the possibility that confirmation administered by the Pope himself and associated with a special investiture may have been held by the men of that age to be the equivalent of a royal sacring. I venture to ask for evidence that more

¹ I note also that Mr. W. Hunt, in his *History of the English Church*, 597—1066, speaks in similar terms, p. 260.

² "Tha was domne Leo papa on Rome and he hine to cyninge gehalgode." (*Anglo-Saxon Chron. Texts* A. B. C. s. a. 853.)

than this was meant in any one of the instances in which a child in the eighth or ninth centuries was said to have been anointed King during the lifetime of his father.

But first, as already pointed out, supposing even that Pope Leo's letter to Ethelwulf proves that no royal consecration in the ordinary sense had taken place before the time it was despatched, it is not in any way inconsistent with the possibility that such an *unctio regalis* was imparted at a later date. The passage quoted, as is obvious both from its own form and from the nature of the collection in which it was discovered, is but an extract.¹ We have no right to treat it as if it were a complete document, and to draw inferences not only from what it says, but from what it omits to say. For anything we know about the matter the Pope may have gone on to declare in the very next sentence that it was his intention to crown the child and to anoint him when he had resided for a somewhat longer period at the Papal Court.

We know nothing of the length of time that Alfred remained in Rome, though we learn that he was back in England on Easter Day, 854.² On the other hand he certainly returned to Rome the next year with his father, King Ethelwulf, and such a visit would have afforded an admirable opportunity for soliciting and obtaining the favour of a Papal consecration.³

Some confusion undoubtedly exists in the chronology of the Saxon chronicles at this point, but the fact of the "hallowing to King" is attested by five out of the seven texts,⁴ and those

¹ Of one thing we may be quite sure, viz., that the passage in Leo's letter was not extracted merely for its *historical* interest. I am inclined to conjecture that the point which struck the compiler was the phrase *in nostris se tradidit manibus* (see below). This might have seemed to a canon lawyer a valuable precedent as establishing the close connection between homage and Papal investiture.

² See Stubbs, William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Regum*, vol. ii, p. xliii. note. Alfred's name occurs among the attestations to charters 469, 470, 473, 475, 476, 478, 486. Birch, *Cartularium Saxonicum*, vol. ii. Although, as we see from such charters as 536, 594, &c., the names of witnesses are not always to be depended on, it is hardly possible that there can be fraud or error in all the charters specified. Professor Freeman's suggestion (*Dictionary of National Biography*, article Ælfred) that Alfred stayed on in Rome until his father came to him, is consequently an impossible one.

³ The doubtful charter (*Cartularium Saxonicum*, n. 493, vol. ii. p. 96) affirms that the unction did take place at this visit, "and min sune eac Ælfred, the mid me fōr, and thaer to kynninge gehalgod waes," &c. The bilingual Canterbury MS. of the chronicle, cited as F, supposes the sacring to have taken place upon Ethelwulf's death, but this, of course, is impossible, if we suppose, as stated *ibidem*, that it was administered by Pope Leo, for Leo IV. died in July or August, 855.

⁴ "Thy ilcan gear sende Æthelwulf cyning Ælfred his sunu to Rome. Tha was domne Leo papa on Rome, and he hine to cyninge gehalgode, and hiene him to biscep

the most important, while Alfred's friend Asser¹ is equally explicit in his brief account of it. Besides this we have the testimony of Ethelwerd² and of the dubious charter (which is in any case a fabrication or compilation of early date), not to speak of the crowd of later writers who have copied Asser and the Chronicles.³ To set aside this positive evidence in favour of a conjecture that the boy Alfred, though we know him to have been accompanied by a considerable retinue, *may* have misrepresented or misinterpreted the nature of the Roman ceremony, seems to me, *pace* so distinguished an historian, to be an unscientific procedure, so long as we have no plain ground for pronouncing the royal unction intrinsically improbable. No one would have sent a dearly loved child of five upon a journey of fifteen hundred miles in those wild days, without an adequate motive. It is hard to discover such motive in the mere expectation of an ordinary Confirmation to be administered by the Pope. But the matter wears a different aspect if this Roman Confirmation were intimately associated with, or were itself commonly held to constitute, a confirmation in another order, a consecration, that is, for that royal office which needed so many special graces and was exposed to such exceptional temptations. Whether there was one unction or two in such cases, it seems hard to determine, but that the relation of spiritual sonship to

suna nam." (The same year sent Ethelwulf, King, Alfred his son to Rome. Then was Dom Leo Pope at Rome, and he hallowed him to King, and took him to himself to bishop's son.) The statement in the Canterbury MS. F. runs a little differently, and, as noticed above, is referred to a different year. A facsimile of this page of MS. A. (Cotton Otho B. xi.), is presented in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica* of Petrie, plate xix. It may be worth while to call attention to the close likeness of the phrase, "hiene him to biscep suna nam," with Asser's "in filium adoptionis sibimet accipiens confirmavit."

¹ "Eodem anno [853] Æthelwulfus rex præfatum filium suum Ælfredum, magno nobilium et etiam ignobilium numero constipatum, honorifice Romam transmisit, quo tempore dominus Leo papa [quartus] apostolicæ sedi præerat, qui præfatum infantem Ælfredum oppido ordinans unxit in regem et in filium adoptionis sibimet accipiens confirmavit." (Asser, anno 853, Petrie, p. 470.) Under 855 Asser says further, "Eodem anno cum magno honore Romam perrexit præfatumque filium suum Ælfredum iterum in eandem viam secum ducens, eo quod illum plus ceteris filiis suis diligebat, ibique anno integro remoratus est, quo peracto ad patriam suam remeavit."

² Ethelwerd writes: "Et in ipso quoque anno [seemingly 854] transmisit Romam Athelwulf rex filium suum Ælfred in diebus domini papæ Leonis, quem et sanctificavit in regem et filium a chrismate nominavit, ut modo sub manu episcopi solemus accipientes parvulos filios nominare." (Petrie, p. 511.)

³ Florence of Worcester copies Asser almost word for word, but he states that the Pope anointed Alfred, "sui patris rogatu." (Petrie, p. 551.) Simeon of Durham only adds that Leo sent Alfred back to England and to his father "cum benedictione Sti. Petri Apostoli."

the Pope, whether established in Baptism or in Confirmation, was in those days inseparably united with the idea of consecration to the office of king or ruler, seems to me to stand out clearly from the few recorded examples.

Let me attempt briefly to examine these. The first instance which occurs to mind is the well known unction of Charles (better known as Charlemagne) and Carloman, along with their father, Pippin,¹ by Pope Stephen II., at St. Denis, in 754. Charles may then have been twelve years of age, Carloman was about three. What sort of anointing did these last receive? No details are recorded of the ceremony. We are simply told by several different and independent authorities, with slight verbal modifications, that Pippin and his two sons "were anointed kings" (*Pippinus rex cum duobus filiis suis reges uncti sunt Francorum*).² But, strange to say, from this time forth the Pope, in his letters, invariably addresses Pippin formally as *compater*, fellow father, and his sons as *filiis spiritalis*, spiritual sons.³ The fact is so striking that historians almost unanimously have felt themselves constrained to infer that the children received either the Sacrament of Baptism or Confirmation, on the same occasion as the regal unction.⁴ But though the famous *clausula* in the St. Denis MS., written on the spot less than fourteen years afterwards, speaks with some fulness of what happened, there is no mention of anything but the one anointing. Can it be that the Papal unction, accompanied by some form of investiture, was understood to confer the Sacrament of Confirmation upon those capable of receiving it, and at the same time to constitute a formal hallowing *in regem*? Let me note also that on this same occasion Pippin and his sons were further

¹ I pass over for the present the question of Queen Bertrada's consecration. The only point of interest for the present enquiry is the fact that she is said to have been "*regalibus induta cycladibus*."

² This is the wording of the *Liber Pontificalis*, Duchesne I. 448. Most of the other authorities are quoted in full by Waitz in his *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*, iii. 65, First Edit. Cf. Böhmer-Mühlbauer, *Die Regesten des Kaiserreichs*, Edit. II. vol. i. pp. 38, 39.

³ It would be impossible to discuss the question of "compaternity" at all adequately here. But the relationship was one much insisted on at this epoch. The word *compater*, and the idea of the intimate tie which it created, may even be found imbedded in the Anglo-Saxon text of the Chronicles. See in Alfred's reign, *sub anno*, 894, "the Æthered his *cumpader* healdan sceolde." The German instances have been very fully discussed in R. Weyl's *Die Beziehungen des Papstthums zum fränkischen Staats- und Kirchenrecht unter den Karolingern*. Breslau, 1892. Appendix I.

⁴ See Oelsner, *Jahrbücher des fränkischen Reiches u. K. Pippin*, pp. 155-160.

invested with the dignity of Roman *patricii*,¹ a title which also enters into the formal style by which Pope Stephen, on subsequent occasions, addresses them. Between Roman patrician and Roman consul the difference at this epoch seems to have been slight.²

The second instance of a royal sacring conferred on children is hardly less instructive. In 781 Charlemagne came to Rome at Easter-time with his Queen and his sons Carloman and Louis. It had long been understood that the former was to be baptized by the Pope, and though the boy was now four years old it would seem that his baptism had been deferred until this date. Louis was younger, but we hear nothing of *his* baptism, so that it is probable he had been baptized already. Both sons were then "anointed king." Carloman, or Pippin, as he was called after his baptism, was named sovereign of Lombardy, and Louis of Aquitaine. Now when we remember that Confirmation, if a Bishop were at hand, was in those days administered to children immediately after Baptism, we have at least a probability that the boys were confirmed on the same occasion; but again only one unction is spoken of.³ In any case we note that the creation by Baptism or Confirmation of a spiritual relationship, which is also conspicuously emphasized in the Pope's subsequent letters,⁴ goes hand in hand with what was understood to be the conferring of a regal sacring.⁵

With regard to the Baptism and Confirmation by Pope Hadrian in 777 of Theodo, son of Tassilo, King of Bavaria, no information seems obtainable; while the crowning of Charles, eldest son of Charlemagne, at Rome in 800 took place when the young King had attained to full manhood.

To turn then once more to the interesting fragment of Pope Leo IV.'s letter to Ethelwulf, already so often referred to, we may note that it gives prominence to three features of the

¹ Cf. Hodgkin, *Italy*, vii. 192; and Duchesne, *Premiers Temps de l'Etat Pontifical*, p. 25.

² Bouquet, *Historiens de la France*, v. p. 401, annotating certain verses in which Charlemagne is called *consul*, remarks: "Primum consulatus seu patriciatus Caroli Magni annum auspiciatus hic auctor est ab a. 768."

³ See e.g. Einhard *Annales* (*Monumenta Germaniæ*, SS. vol. i. p. 161), and the references in Böhmer-Mühlbauer, *Regesten*, I. pp. 98, 99.

⁴ After this date the Pope always addresses Charlemagne as *spiritualis compater*, cf. Hodgkin, *Italy*, vii. 53; and Weyl, *Die Beziehungen*, &c., pp. 217, seq.

⁵ Jaffé-Wattenbach, *Regesta PP.* i. pp. 290, seq.

boy Alfred's first visit to Rome. First the child was made the Pope's spiritual son—presumably by Confirmation; secondly, he was invested with the girdle (*cingulo*) the honour and robes of the Roman consulate, and thirdly, he surrendered himself entirely into the Pope's hands.

The question of spiritual sonship has been already dealt with; the investiture calls for some further remark. What strikes us at the outset is the oddness of the phrase, "the girdle of the consulship," or, if we accept Ewald's emendation, *cinguli*, "the honour of the girdle of the consulship." The most elementary student of the classics is well aware that the Roman consuls of the Republic had many insignia—fasces, curule chair, toga prætexta, &c., but amongst these is certainly no cingulum. What then can Leo have meant in A.D. 853 by



FIG. I.

The central figure is copied from the diptych of the Consul Anastasius Probus, A.D. 517.

The figure on the right holding the orb is a contemporary representation of Leo VI., surnamed the Philosopher, who became Emperor of the East A.D. 886, during the lifetime of King Alfred.

The figure on the left depicts the Emperor Michael Paleologus, who died in A.D. 1282.

this girdle or belt of the consulship? To answer the question we must, I think, turn our attention to some specimens of the art of the later Empire, and notably to the consular diptychs.

These were panels of ivory elaborately carved, given by the consuls in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries to their friends, in commemoration of their term of office. The central design, amid variations of detail, was nearly always the same. It represented the consul seated, dressed in his robes of state, holding, generally in his left hand, a sceptre, and in his right hand the *mappula*, or rolled-up handkerchief, the throwing down of which was the signal for the commencement of the great chariot race. In the degenerate days of the Empire a consul's functions were little more than honorific, and the great occasion of his life was that on which it was still his privilege to preside at the games as the representative of the Roman People. Thanks to the vanity aroused by this proud moment, we know very well what a consul looked like in his state costume. A fairly large number of these diptychs have been preserved, and any visitor to the South Kensington Museum may study at his leisure the details of two or three originals, together with a dozen or more excellent facsimiles. In Fig. 1, I have reproduced for convenience sake, an engraving in the *Acta Sanctorum*¹ which associates the figure of the consul in one of these diptychs with the later imperial costume of the East. The identity of its most striking features is apparent at a glance. The consul in the centre is dressed in a tolerably close-fitting tunic of some rich brocaded material. Over this is wound a broad band or scarf still more richly ornamented. A comparison of a number of specimens of diptychs would make its arrangement readily intelligible. Beginning almost at the feet in front it runs up the centre of the body, passes over the right shoulder, is at once brought back under the right arm-pit, crosses over to the left shoulder, falls behind the back to the level of the waist, broadens out, and is made to cross the body again in front from the right side to the left, while the richly fringed or embroidered end is thrown over the left forearm.

A study of the illustrations here presented will save much description. The points I wish to lay stress upon are these: First, this conspicuous scarf—we may call it, for convenience, a *lorus*, but it seems to have had a great variety of names—may be traced in works of art for nearly a thousand years. It began perhaps by being a degenerate but highly ornamental *toga prætexta* or *trabea*, a mere caricature as an article of clothing,

¹ It is introduced to illustrate Father Papenbroeck's dissertation on the pallium in the *Propyleum Maii*.

but a magnificent object as an ornament. Secondly, it passed from the consuls to royal personages, at least as an alternative costume.¹ Fig. 2, for instance, represents King Roger II. of Sicily being crowned by Christ our Lord—the figure of Christ as unnecessary for my purpose is not reproduced. Finally, this *lorus* seems to have had an intermittent tendency to



FIG. 2.

Christ our Lord crowning King Roger II. of Sicily, from a mosaic, c. 1143, at Palermo. (Copied from Bayet, *L'Art Byzantin*.)



FIG. 3.

Miniature of the Emperor Manuel Paleologus and his son. From a MS. of Denis the Areopagite, dated 1408. (Bayet, *ib.*)

degenerate into a mere orphrey, the front band being sewn on to the tunic, the upper portion developing into a kind of deep collar, and the final and broader folds becoming a belt with a train, which train in repose was still commonly thrown over the left forearm. Attention may specially be directed to the beautiful ivory book-cover of *Melisende*, now in the British Museum. The panel reproduced (Fig. 4) represents six of the

¹ Cf. Brightman in *Journal of Theological Studies*, Ap. 1901, p. 391 n.

corporal works of mercy, and in each a king is portrayed in his royal robes, wearing alternately either the tunic with the *lorus*, or the imperial chlamys fastened at the shoulder. It will be noticed that the *lorus* in the first and fourth miniature would hardly be recognized as such, and the lower portion of it might be mistaken for a broad belt. But the clearer arrangement of the scarf in the fifth miniature, that of the left-hand lower corner, makes its identity with the *lorus* unmistakable.

Now it is this *lorus*, I venture to suggest, already at that epoch an imperial costume, that the Pope was referring to when he wrote of the "*Consulatus cinguli honore vestimentisque, ut mos est Romanis consulibus.*" When Pope Stephen crowned Pippin and his sons kings, he gave them the Roman title of *patricii*, when Leo anointed Alfred he invested him as Roman Consul. Consul after all was a title which was given by their contemporaries to both Charlemagne and William the Conqueror, and it is curious to find that in the collection of formulæ for the superscriptions of letters which is preserved in the *Liber Diurnus*, a document of the close of the eighth century, and which obviously follows the order of precedence then recognized in the Papal chancery,¹ a consul comes *before* a king. We can hardly resist the inference that barbarian (*i.e.*, non-Roman or Greek) royalty was held cheap at Rome, at least in theory, and that to be made a consul was regarded as a promotion for any foreigner, however exalted his dignity in his own country.

Of course the interpretation which I have offered here of the words *consulatus cinguli honore vestimentisque* cannot claim to be more than a conjecture, but in any case it may be safely asserted, and the illustrations of this article would alone suffice to prove, that the festal garb of the consuls in the fifth century became the festal garb of kings and emperors from the ninth to the fifteenth. Therefore the Pope, in investing the boy Alfred with what he called a consul's robes, was very probably attiring him as the Emperor himself was attired on state occasions. Bishop Stubbs has pointed out that an early Latin poem, summarized in part by William of Malmesbury, preserves for us the record of a kind of investiture, in which a belt (*balteus*) was prominent, conferred by Alfred upon his grandson,

¹ The order is: 1. Princeps (*i.e.*, the Emperor); 2. Augusta (the Empress); 3. Patricius; 4. Comes Imperialis Obsequii et Exarchus; 5. Consul; 6. Rex; 7. Patriarcha; 8. Episcopus Forensis; 9. Archiepiscopus Ravennæ; 10. Episcopus; 11. Presbiter Diaconus Primicerius et Secundicerius; 12. Constitutus.



FIG. 4.

Ivory book-cover of Queen Melisende. Græco-Roman work produced in the East at the beginning of the twelfth century.

(Reproduced from Martin and Cahier, *Nouveaux Mélanges*, vol. ii.)

Athelstan.¹ Malmesbury calls it a knighthood, but he is probably interpreting the past according to the ideas of his own day, and the mention of the sword may be an addition of his own. Again, it seems to me likely that the *cyclades*² spoken of in connection with the blessing or unction of Queen Bertrada, really represent the *lorus*. Mr. Hodgkin believes these *cyclades* to have been a kind of crinoline, but the interpretations of the Anglo-Saxon glossaries suggest rather some sort of wrap or veil. The word *orarium* could never have been used as the equivalent of an object like a crinoline. There seems altogether to have been a rather acutely felt antagonism between the Roman and barbarian costume at this period,³ which extended even to clerical attire. The Papal ordinance enjoining the English clergy to wear the Roman *tunica talaris*, a long tunic reaching to the heels, belongs, not, as Haddan and Stubbs have printed it, to the beginning of the eighth century, but to the reign of Alfred.⁴

But to come back once more to Pope Leo's letter; as regards the last words: "because he surrendered himself into our hands"—*eo quod in nostris se tradidit manibus*—it is difficult to be sure whether a physical or moral surrender is meant. The expressions used of standing godfather in baptism, e.g., *levare de fonte infantem*, commonly imply the taking of the child into the arms,⁵ and even at the present time, the rubric of the *Pontificale Romanum* supposes that the godfather in Confir-

¹ Quem (Ethelstanum) etiam præmature militem fecerat donatum chlamyde coccinea, gemmato baltheo, ense Saxonico, cum vagina aurea. (Malmesbury, i. p. 145.) Cf. Alfred's translation of Boethius (Sedgefield), ch. xxxvii. § 1, mid fetlum, p. 111.

² "Regalibus ornatam cycladibus," in the "Clausula" of St. Denis, before referred to.

³ Note, for instance, what we are told of Charlemagne's reluctance to don Roman costume, and the remarks made about the habits of Charles the Bald. (Cf. *Liber Pontificalis*, i. p. 420.)

⁴ Congregatis itaque omnibus Anglorum proceribus qui tunc ad B. Petrum debebant apostolum, post alterutrarum partium congruas ratiocinationes, apostolicæ sententia usque adeo sedis prævaluit ut voluntarie omnes Anglorum clerici sub ipsis vigiliis S. Gregorii laicalem et sinuosam sed et curtum habitum deponentes talares tunicas Romanas induerent. This letter, addressed to the Archbishop "Adalfredus" of Canterbury and "Wulfredus" of York, bears witness to the existence of quite an English colony of *proceres*, notables, whether lay or ecclesiastic, residing in Rome during Alfred's time. (See Jaffe-Wattenbach, *Regesta Pontificum*, 2995.)

⁵ Pope Paul I., writing to Pippin to offer himself as godfather for his newly-born son, uses the words: "Ut ipse a sacratissimo baptismatis lavacro eundem suscipere mereatur." Jaffe-Wattenbach, *Regesta*, 2343; and Stephen III. on a similar occasion desires "in suis ulnis ex fonte s. baptismatis aut etiam per adorandi chrismatis unctionem spiritalem suscipere filium." (*Ibid.* 2387.)

mation holds the child. Curiously, too, it is still prescribed that, if the person to be confirmed be an adult, he is to place his foot upon the foot of his godfather, so that he may be said, in a sense, to be raised by him from the ground.

Add to this the doubt whether, in all these cases of Papal compaternity, the Pope administered the sacrament himself or simply stood godfather. Either function sufficed to create the spiritual relationship, but the wording of the letters of Popes Stephen III. and Paul I., referred to in the last footnote, seems to assume only the act of holding the child.¹ Strange to say, in the account of the baptism of Carloman-Pippin, given by the *Annales Laurissenses Minores*,² the Pope is represented as discharging both offices; but this is surely impossible. It may therefore be, that Pope Leo wished to tell Ethelwulf that the little Alfred had been taken up in his arms for the reception of the sacrament. None the less, I am much more inclined to believe that the *traditio in manibus*, of which the Pope spoke, was a figurative surrender which the child made of himself by some form of homage. The feudal ideas of commendation and service were at this time rapidly gaining ground, even in countries outside the immediate dominion of the Franks, and among these last they had long been observed unquestioningly.³ Is it not likely that the little English Prince formally offered himself as the Pope's "man," having been sent to Rome for that very purpose by his pious father Ethelwulf? The latter is by some chroniclers believed to have been the author of the Romescot or Peter's pence, and while tithing his own possessions for the benefit of the Holy See, he will not have refused St. Peter a share in what he accounted the dearest possession of all. A little more than a score of years after Alfred's Roman pilgrimage, Charles the Bald, Ethelwulf's father-in-law, then near to his end, announced his intention of sending his son to Rome. The son in this case was a grown man of thirty, but the terms in which the purpose was announced

¹ The wording of text F of the Chronicle, both Latin and Anglo-Saxon, represents the Pope as godfather. "Tha bletsode he Alured to cinge and heold hine to biscephanda." *Benedixit et unxit eum in regem et eum ad confirmandum tenuit.* (Plummer, ii. p. 67.)

² *Adrianus Papa Pippinum filium regis baptizavit et a sacro fonte suscepit.* See Waitz in *Sitzungsberichte Acad. Berlin*, 1882, p. 413.

³ The anonymous *Life of Louis the Pious* thus speaks of the homage of Wala, who was regarded as a possible malcontent at the time of Louis' accession in 814. (See Fustel de Coulanges, *Histoire des Institutions Politiques*, vol. vi. p. 276.) *Humillima subiectione se ejus nutui secundum consuetudinem Francorum commendans subdidit.*

seem to me remarkable: "That our son may so prepare himself and in such wise, that when with God's aid we have returned, he may be able to go to Rome, and there, as long as may be needful, render service to God and the holy Apostles, and there with God's assistance be crowned king."¹ Without wishing to press the point unduly, it seems to me that the word *servitium* here, has a distinctly feudal ring.

I am assuming throughout that the date now usually assigned for Alfred's birth, *i.e.*, 848, is the true one; but despite the strong evidence of the Winchester preface to the Chronicle, to which Mr. Plummer and Mr. Hunt appeal, it is difficult to feel confidence in it. If we could believe that Alfred was not five, but—as Asser's text in one place suggests, though quite inconsistently—eleven years old at the time of his first visit to Rome, many puzzling features in his history would find an explanation. We could then fit in the story of his learning to read, we could account for his deep attachment to such purely Roman books as St. Gregory's *Pastoral Care*, St. Gregory's *Dialogues*, or the *Boethius*, we could understand his imitation in the case of his grandson Athelstan, of the ceremony of his own investiture, we could see an educational purpose in Ethelwulf's willingness to exile his youngest and best loved child, we could better account for the mention of that very preference—strange enough otherwise if the boy was only eight when his father died—we should be less surprised to find Alfred's name among the witnesses to a charter of 853, and so on. But one other conclusion would also follow, and that is, that the possibility of Alfred's having been mistaken about the nature of the Roman ceremony would be more completely excluded, and we should have more confidence than even at present in adhering to the fact so plainly stated by Asser and the Chronicles, that during his stay in Rome, Alfred was anointed king.

I have no space to comment as I had intended upon the effects of the unction and the character of our hero king's subsequent relations with the Papacy,² but by way of con-

¹ "Ut filius noster talem se et taliter præparet quatenus cum, Deo juvante, reversi fuerimus, Romam ire valeat, et ibi Dei et sanctorum Apostolorum quamdiu necesse fuerit servitium agere et ibi Deo adminiculante in regem possit coronari." (Capit. Carissiac. cxiv. *Monumenta Germaniæ; Legum.* Ed. Krause. Quarto series. Sect. ii. vol. ii. p. 359.)

² The most concise but perhaps the most striking evidence of all is the brief record in the Chronicle for the year 890. "In this year there was no journey to Rome, except that King Alfred sent two couriers with letters." In the year before it was said that "the Aldorman Becca conveyed the alms of the West Saxons and of

clusion I cannot resist making one or two citations from the late Professor Freeman's article on Alfred in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The historian will certainly not be suspected of any Romanist bias in the matter, while, on the other hand, there was no favourite hobby here to tempt him to theorize. After saying that Alfred's position of authority in the time of his elder brother Ethelred "is very puzzling, and might almost seem to suggest that something of special kingship, beyond the common kingliness of the kin, was held to attach to Ælfred from the Roman hallowing," Mr. Freeman remarks :

When Æthelred died soon after Easter in that year (871), Ælfred succeeded to the West-Saxon crown. He succeeded, as Asser assures us, and as we certainly have no reason to doubt, with the general goodwill. But it is to be noticed that neither Asser nor the Chronicles contain any formal notice of his election or coronation. Neither do they in the case of his brothers or in that of many other kings. But the fulness of the narrative at this point makes the omission in this case more remarkable, and we are again led to think what may have been the effect of the will of Æthelwulf and the hallowing by Pope Leo. But that Ælfred should succeed his brother in preference to his brother's young sons, was only according to the universal custom of the nation then and down to the election of John.

And again :

There seems no reason to charge Ælfred, as a great scholar¹ has done, with 'anti-national and un-Teutonic feeling.' But we may believe that the King, who had been marked out for kingship by a Papal hallowing in his childhood, and who had come to the kingship of his people by what might seem so marked a course of destiny, may from the beginning have held the kingly authority somewhat higher than the kings who had gone before him, somewhat higher than pleased all his subjects. In fact, the strengthening of the kingly power would be the almost necessary result of Ælfred's career. He made his kingdom afresh and he enlarged its borders.

Mr. Freeman seems half prepared to agree, as many of us Catholics may more consistently do, with the words of Archbishop Plegmund in the Poet Laureate's play addressed to an over-anxious follower of Alfred :

Nay sign a cross upon your brow and sleep ;
Since by Pope Leo he was hallowed king,
Heaven keeps a watch upon his chosen head.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Alfred to Rome, and Queen Athelswith, who was King Alfred's sister, died on the way to Rome." In 891, Abbot Beornhelm conveyed the alms of the West Saxons and King Alfred to Rome.

¹ Kemble, *Saxons in England*, ii. 208.

Olive Branches offered to Idealists.

WHILE, on the one hand, it has been asserted that all disagreements come from mutual misunderstandings, on the other hand, it has been said that what enables mankind to live in something like harmony is because words do not convey how wide apart are the individual minds which utter themselves in the inadequate symbols of speech. Against "to know all is to forgive all," might be set "to know all is to refuse all pardon." These are extreme sentiments, and neither of them will help us in the conflict between Scholasticism and Idealism, in regard to which our only hope is that a little explanation may, in certain minds, remove a portion of the antagonism which now exists, and will in some measure continue to exist, notwithstanding all efforts at conciliation.

I.

What has been called "the impassable gulf of dualism," is one bugbear of the idealist, who sees no possibility that mind or spirit should cross over to and familiarize itself with a world of matter, which is supposed to be of so utterly alien a nature as to be best describable as the antithesis of mind. Matter, the existence of which is doubted, is called an *ἄλογον*, a surd, a non-rational something that is in the extreme sense "brute," which last term etymologists connect with *βαρύς* and *βριθύς*, "heavy," "lumpish," "cloddish," just the opposite of the light and airy characteristics which we assign to the spiritual. Now, the little olive-branch which we wish to present as our first peace-offering to idealists, is a conception of matter less gross than the above. We wholly dissociate ourselves from the late Dr. Martineau, a writer who so obviously mingled errors with the truths that he advocated powerfully, and who on the question in hand has committed himself to the theory that matter is not strictly created by God, but is that upon which God works, "the negative

condition of divine power," "a bare receptivity." All physical force he assigns directly to the divine will. Matter thus stripped of intrinsic power to do anything, cut off as to its own nature from dependence on an intelligent Being, left as a self-existent receiver of divine energy, is indeed rendered an Unintelligible which the idealist may rightly declare himself unable to reach. It is, on the one side, so reduced as to be brought to the lowest grade in the scale of existences; and, on the other side, so exalted by its attribute of self-existence, that we cannot on this score conceive of it too highly. What we read of Wisdom, "*venerunt mihi omnia bona pariter cum illa*,"¹ may be adapted to self-existence; with it, in consequence of what it is, go all highest perfections. The inference here assumed is one much developed in the scholastic system, which lays the utmost stress on what is necessarily involved in the difference between *ens a se* and *ens ab alio*. Here is not the place to draw out the consequences of self-existent—we do not say of self-produced—being; but at least we may ask any thoughtful man to beware of lightly taking for granted, with Dr. Martineau, that a purely inert matter, in a sense of *inertia* which goes far beyond what is implied in the first laws of motion, can stand simply on its own account, without derivation from the Creator.

In the scholastic view matter originated from a source pre-eminently intellectual. It must have been formed on the plan of the divine ideas, those archetypes of which Plato spoke so enthusiastically, if not always so accurately. God essentially understood what He was making, and made what was understandable, or made objects fit to become the terms of the apprehending mind. Whatever originates from the Highest Spirit, and if not itself spiritual, at least is so related to mind as to become intelligible, under proper conditions on the part of the percipient. *A priori*, if we were to judge simply from the inner nature of things, we should be unable to say whether the Supreme Spirit could produce a nature so far other than His own as not to be properly called spiritual; but as a result of experience, we become rationally convinced that there is a world of matter which we must distinguish as such and set over, but not in too absolute an antithesis, against the world of spirit.

Even idealists do not feel warranted in denying that such a

¹ Sap. vii. 11.

reality may be; they only protest that we cannot assert it for a known fact. It is a question which the late Principal Caird puts aside as irrelevant, though he could hardly mean that it is of no importance or of no interest to a system of philosophy. Let us listen to his argument, that the materialist cannot derive mind from organism or thought from brain: "You cannot reach mind as an ultimate product of matter and force, for in doing so you have already begun with mind; the earliest step of the inquiry involves mental forms, and it is only in terms of mind that the problem you are investigating can be so much as stated. . . . The least and lowest fact of outward observation is not a bare fact, an independent entity, fact *minus* mind, and out of which mind may be got somehow or other to emerge; but it is fact as it appears to an observing mind, fact as an object, or in the medium of thought, interpenetrated and suffused with thought, having mind or thought as an inseparable factor of it. *Whether there be such a thing as an absolute world outside of thought, whether there be such things as matter and material atoms existing in themselves before any mind begins to think about them, is not to the purpose.*"¹ It is this last sentence to which we call attention. The philosophy will be recognized as that of T. H. Green, to whom the Principal makes his acknowledgments at page 22. Green in the original is a tough author to deal with. He has been popularized by a devoted pupil, who repeats what we have just heard from another disciple, and these are his words: "It is sometimes argued that Neo-Kantism assumes that a 'hopeless dualism' (as, *e.g.*, the belief in the ultimate reality of both mind and matter) is self-contradictory and untenable. The charge, even if true, cannot be limited to Neo-Kantians; *but in no case is it worth serious refutation, for upon it no scientific or philosophic doctrine has been based.* It is little more than a pious opinion which gives encouragement to the inquirer after that 'explanation which must exist somewhere,' even if out of our present reach."² Here is another assertion of irrelevancy in the question whether there exists what is styled "an independent world of matter," with an admission that there may be such matter.

Now, it is in the nature of this independence as conceived by ourselves that we seek to find a ground for some conciliation with those who, if they do not assail the notion, at least

¹ *University Addresses*, pp. 15, 16.

² *The Philosophy of T. H. Green*. By W. H. Fairbrother, p. 24, note 2.

set it aside as not to be entertained by a philosopher. We plead for the entertainableness of the idea. Writers like Martineau suppose an independence which allows of matter being utterly unconnected with mind, a nondescript receptacle of intelligent dispositions or arrangements coming to it from the will of God, who orders all things, yet does not create all things, but finds His materials unaccountably lying ready to His hand. This "unaccountable" we utterly reject, admitting the justice of the idealist, who calls it no object of knowledge but an absurdity. All the independent matter that we are ready to champion has its origin in the nature, the intellect, and the productive will of God, so that while it is not strictly the image of God, as the soul is, at least it is formed on some analogy to the Divine Being: there it finds its exemplar. If it did not, it would be an *ἄλογον*, which would be something cut loose from all relation to truth, and of which no law could be predicated. But of every being that has God for its cause the scholastics assert with far more meaning than the careless suppose, *omne ens est verum*, everything that is has truth as its attribute, a metaphysical proposition which in no way conflicts with the fact that morally some persons tell lies, while it stands as the great solution of the difficulty urged against the possibility of knowing "independent matter." Here is one of the strongholds of philosophic realism against an objection raised by idealism on the score of impassable dualism.

Lest any one should protest that the above plea is an *ignoratio elenchi*, and that several idealists make no difficulty on the score of mind having to pass over to a separate and disparate object because they deny the possibility of any real division between subject and object, we must explain that our argument is directed against the previous attitude, not against what logically follows from the assumption of the attitude. We wish to suggest a cause why the idealist, for whom we choose Mr. Bradley as spokesman, should not take up this position: "In asserting that the real is nothing but experience I may be understood to endorse a common error. I may be taken to divide the percipient subject from the universe, and then resting on that subject as a thing actual in itself, I may be supposed to urge that it cannot transcend its own states," which would be "a vicious abstraction." We have tried to suggest that the abstraction may be justifiable, and that it may be wrong "to repudiate this division and the division of

anything else."¹ If an independent world of matter is rationally cognizable, then the mass of mankind may be right in their belief that they know it to exist. Our aim has been to show that matter, as conceived by scholastics, is rationally cognizable because it is the creation of the Supreme Spirit who does all things by intelligence and will.

A difficulty remains in the notion of matter being "outside" the mind by which it is known. "Outside" is an ambiguous term opening the way to many fallacies; when applied to the world in regard to God, it cannot have spatial meaning, for God is everywhere, in all things; this is the Divine Omnipresence, resulting from the Divine Immensity. Hence the important point in saying that the world is outside God, is to affirm that it is other than God, and to exclude pantheism, not to declare anything about a spatial relation. When we come to created spirits, the angels, and to their knowledge of matter, we are on very obscure ground. Some theologians think that an angel need not necessarily bear any relation to space at all: certainly an angel need not be spatially outside the object which it knows.² As regards man, if we describe him from the aspect of his body, often he is spatially outside many of his known objects; the like may be said from the aspect of his soul, inasmuch as soul is, so to phrase it, *spaced* by the body; about the soul in itself we had better be silent, in order to avoid becoming very abstruse and raising domestic quarrels. At any rate there is no clear bar to philosophic realism in the fact that somehow it has to allow in many cases an interval of extension between the subject knowing and the object known. And so, with one difficulty set aside, we appeal to idealists for a consideration of the fact that the "independent matter," which scholasticism upholds, is a matter which derives all its possibilities and its existence from God, which belongs to one harmonious universe with the mind that knows it, and which is so conjoined in the instance of man's body as to form with the soul one composite nature. There is no irreconcilable dualism here.

¹ *Appearance and Reality*, pp. 145, 146.

² Green observes, "The externality of thought to matter is not that of body to body; the latter exists for us only as thought."

II.

Our second olive-branch held out to idealists may carry as a billet attached to it some words of Parmenides, which at least have a verification, if not as wide a one as certain persons imagine: "to know and to be is the same thing"—τὸ γὰρ αὐτὸ νοεῖν τε καὶ εἶναι, and we may reverse the form thus, "to be is to know." Such identity the scholastics recognize in God, of whom St. Thomas says *intelligere Dei est sua essentia*, which means that God's knowledge is not a supervening activity following upon His Nature, not an accident inherent in His substance, but the substance of God is at once His knowledge and His great primary object of knowledge, in the perfect understanding of which all finite truths are comprehended. Contrast the case of man, in whom knowledge and all the other adornments of his soul are not identical with his nature, not even its congenital appurtenances, but have to be gradually acquired by laborious processes and may through negligence fail to be attained, or may be perverted into errors and disfigurements. God is beyond all such processes, whether successful or unsuccessful; and that idealists have recognized the fact is a ground for their reconciliation with scholastics. Let us see how they have argued.

Among philosophers opposed to scholasticism some have been content to signalize everywhere a double aspect of subject knowing and object known, with the postulate of some ultimate reality of which these are the two faces. Bain and Lewes speak in this strain, and even the realism of Mr. H. Spencer does not go much further. Thus a dualism of aspects is maintained while identity is upheld by calling them aspects of the same thing. Dualism is hereby mitigated indeed, but is not so fully avoided as some would wish, and Green rejects the doctrines of Lewes and Mr. Spencer.

If we look to Green's own view we find that, according to it, "all knowing and all that we know, all intelligence and all intelligible reality consist in a relation between subject and object. Neither of the two correlates has any reality apart from the other"—that is to say, mind and matter are each subjective-objective, and consequently mind cannot be opposed as subject to matter as object. The result is that for the author the whole Cosmos is a collection of orderly relations, relations being essentially due to mind as the relating faculty, while at the

origin of all stands God, who is above the relative. "The relation of events to each other in time, implies their equal presence to a subject which is not in time. There could be no such thing as time if there were not a self-consciousness which is not in time. As little could there be a relation of objects as outside each other, or in space, if they were not equally related to a subject which they are not outside; a subject of which outsideness to anything is not a possible attribute; which by its synthetic action constitutes that relation, but is not itself determined by it. Similarly, matter and motion are relations existing for a consciousness which they do not so condition as that it should itself either move or be material."¹ God is this consciousness in its original form. What is implied in these brief quotations is largely opposed to scholastic teaching; yet we cite them for the fact that they point to our idea of God as the Substantial Knowledge, beyond space and time, beyond passivity and beyond the activity which goes from potentiality to act, a changeless Being, the purest Spirit, perfect from Eternity so that He can make no progress, uniting in Himself thought and thing thought without distinction.

Mr. F. W. Bradley is another example of tendency to the like conception, working his way on the lines of Hegelian thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, till he rises above the difference of subject and object to a full identity. In the Absolute he says the dualism of thought and thing thought must be overcome by the *Aufhebung*, a name so often heard in the schools now-a-days as to afford opportunity for joking to young students anxious to relieve the tension of mind which Neo-Hegelianism demands. It is only in the Absolute, as he believes, that the difference between thought and reality can successfully be done away with "by means of an all-inclusive, super-relative experience," that is, an experience in which relations no longer appear, "and which embraces every partial diversity in concord."² Great masters to-day are propounding this abolition of all distinctions in the Absolute as the saving doctrine about God, and as a truth of grave concern in the interest of religion to an age declining towards naturalism or to agnosticism. Mr. Bradley admits that he does not know whether his "conclusion is to be called Realism or Idealism,"³ but he can venture on the assertion that "outside spirit there is not and there cannot be any reality."

¹ Green's *Prolegomena*, § 52.

² P. 147. ³ P. 547.

In the proposition that the Absolute rises to perfect unity without differences, we find—apart from the mystery of the Trinity—the opportunity to offer our second olive-branch. We also hold that God is the Substantial Knowledge, without real distinction of subject and object.

This is how St. Thomas Aquinas declares himself: "It must be upheld that God's knowledge is His own substance, . . . for it is altogether impossible that His mind should proceed from potentiality to act. . . . *In Deo intellectus et intelligere, et intelligens, et id quod intelligitur, et species intelligibilis, et ipsum intelligere sunt omnino unum et idem.*"¹ The same doctrine is generally accepted among scholastics, for whom Cardinal Franzelin may stand as representative: "Because God is a most perfect Spirit He is understood to be a substance whose life is intelligence; and because His Being is so perfectly simple as to exclude all real compositions of parts, His intelligence is the divine substance itself. Hence it is impossible to regard His Mind as a potentiality or other than an *ἐντελέχεια*."² Here is, then, some solid ground of agreement as to the Ultimate Reality between Scholastics and certain Idealists, and the latter will not be ridiculed by the former, as they are ridiculed by other schools of thought, for the high and seemingly mystic attributes which they ascribe to the Absolute as to a wholly unbroken and perfect Unity, a Being who is conscious of Himself and of all things by His very substance, and not by an addition of distinct acts or ideas.

When we have claimed so much agreement, we must sorrowfully allow that opinions are not otherwise harmonious. According to Catholic theology, there are relations within the Deity which constitute three really distinct Persons by the opposition of Father to Son, and of Father and Son to the Holy Ghost; whereas it is the contention of the idealists of whom we speak, that in the Absolute all relations are "overcome." Nevertheless, as the Trinity leaves the Oneness of God quite perfect, and inasmuch as our discourse about God in philosophy concerns only God as knowable to natural reason without revelation, we may pass by the personal relations, and claim our agreement to be about God considered simply in His absolute nature. There all is absolute without real distinction of

¹ *Summa*, i. q. xiv. a. 4. The prerogative is asserted by St. Thomas of God alone. "Impossibile est quod actio angeli, vel cujusque alterius naturæ, sit ejus substantia." (q. 54. a. 1.)

² *De Deo Uno*, Thesis 36.

relations ; and it is to such an Absolute that Green, for example, is approximating, when he says : "The universe is one object of knowledge, is a spiritual Cosmos, a single, all-inclusive system of relations . . . involving some principle which renders all relations possible, *and is itself determined by none of them.*"

Of course it is not to our liking to have the known world reduced to a system of thought-relations, in which the terms related seem not to be accounted for ; what we approve of is the assertion of a Supreme Mind who, at any rate, rises above the relative and is the Absolute Spirit, without any potentiality, a substance immutable and all perfect.

A great dissidence has yet to be confessed ; we have spoken of Mr. Bradley's Absolute as though identical with our God. Unfortunately the author's exigencies of principle make him regard our God as relative and full of relative attributes, and therefore, he is forced to affirm that "God is but an aspect, and that must mean but an appearance of the Absolute."¹ When we add that the same principle which leads to this unfortunate assertion, also makes the author deny that the Absolute is good, or moral, or happy, we point to the source of his error ; he does not see, as the scholastics do, that by our imperfect way of knowing God piece-meal, as distinguished into substance and attributes, and into attributes of various kinds, we need not affirm, and ought not to affirm, rather we should deny, that these distinctions are really in God Himself. We know the perfect object, but by imperfect attempts, and we can, when we reflect, make due allowances for the fact, while Mr. Bradley sees no escape from his conclusion that our God cannot be the Absolute. It is one of his many divergencies in thought from scholastic philosophy. What we find hopeful about him is not in the details of his philosophy, but in a certain hold which he has got of the cardinal truth, that, in God Knowledge and Substance are identical, or the Ideal and the Real coincide exactly, without trace of that much-dreaded dualism.

Such are the two olive-branches which we wish to hold out, even though they are inextricably entangled with thorns and briars of contention. We are not yet in pure agreement either as to the intelligibility of matter or as to the identity of God's thought with His substance ; but we have some points of common doctrine on both these heads, and it is well to call

¹ Op. cit. p. 448.

attention to them in the hope of further advances, among men who do not count it a pleasure to disagree, while they are honest enough not to simulate a harmony which does not exist. We acknowledge that we are widely apart so long as one side says that knowledge is of several distinct objects really related among themselves, and all related to God their Creator, while the other side says that the mind is a relating faculty and makes all its relations more or less after the fashion of the Kantian categories, and so reduces the chaos of sensations to an orderly world.

JOHN RICKABY.

Mademoiselle de La Fayette.

PART II.

LOUIS XIII. gave twelve thousand livres for Mdle. de La Fayette's dowry. He had always taken an interest in the Visitation Convent of the Rue St. Antoine; in letters patent, dated 1621, his name appears as the principal founder, but from the time that she entered, he took it under his special protection. Amongst other favours, he induced the Marquis de Créqui to give them a piece of land which adjoined their house, and of which they had much need. And in 1641, after the death of Mother de Chantal, the Annals say:

The King desired to have her body embalmed and sent to us. As our holy Foundress died in France, his Majesty had the power to prevent the holy relic being carried out of the kingdom, but we, knowing how much this would grieve our Sisters of Annecy, refused the favour.

After the death of Louis XIII., the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, wished to found another monastery of the Visitation, where she could retire sometimes to enjoy peace and solitude. She spoke of this wish to Mother Helène Lhuillier, but the Mother, fearing it would interfere with the simplicity of the Order, advised her to found an abbey, where the Offices of the Church could be carried out with pomp and splendour, and which would be more agreeable to the ladies of her Court.

Her Majesty subsequently chose the Abbey of Val de Grace,¹ which had been transferred to Paris in 1621. To fulfil the vow she had made of building a church, if Almighty God gave a Dauphin to France, she finished the abbey and built the church attached to it. Louis XIV., when a child, laid the

¹ The Abbey of Val de Grace was situated at Bièvre le Châtel, three miles from Paris. It was transferred to Paris in the year 1621, by the Ven. Mother Marguerite d'Arbouze, who was Abbess from 1618. After having established it according to the Rule of St. Benedict, she died in 1626. It is not without interest to the daughters of the Visitation that Mother Arbouze adopted some of the Constitutions of their holy Founder: the election of Superior every three years; the enclosure; Assistants in the parlour, &c.

foundation-stone. But the Queen's affection for and interest in the Visitandines of the Rue St. Antoine never changed. She came frequently to visit them, and, exercising the royal prerogative of entering enclosure, she often came and sat with the Sisters during their recreation. And every year, on the feast of Holy Innocents, the day on which St. Francis de Sales died, she sent her own choir to sing for them at Mass and Benediction. She also sent two thousand crowns to Rome towards the expenses of his canonization. As for Sister Louise Angelique, her only desire was to please the Divine Master, for whom she had sacrificed everything the world prizes most. The glimpses of Court life which came to her in the cloister, only served to increase her love of retirement and of the religious life. She desired only to know the "Lord Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Her heart, mind, and thoughts were always with Him, far away from all the vanities and transitory joys of this world. She made such rapid progress in spirituality that she was appointed Novice Mistress when only twenty-four years of age. She soon won the esteem and affection of her novices, and filled this responsible office for nearly the whole of her life, to the great satisfaction of her Superiors.

In the year 1647, she was sent with some of her Sisters to reform the Monastery of the Conception in Paris, and undertook this difficult work with courage and ability. She then returned to the Visitation to prepare herself in silence and recollection for a new work which Providence had in store for her, viz., the foundation of the new house at Chaillot.

In 1644, Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. of England, and sister of Louis XIII., was obliged to take refuge in France. At first she stayed in the Carmelite Convent founded by her mother, Marie de Medicis; but just as she had begun to benefit by its atmosphere of tranquillity and peace, the Superiors feared that her presence there might disturb the Rule, so that she could not continue to live there. At the same time Mother Helène Lhuillier felt a strong inspiration to found a third monastery of the Institute in Paris; and though she could not see how it was to be done, yet it seemed to her that it was the will of God. Madame de Motteville, a great friend of the Queen Regent, was the person chosen by Divine Providence to bring it about. She often visited her sister, who was a nun in the Rue St. Antoine, and she knew and loved Mother Helène. Knowing of her desire to found another house, she helped her

by recommending the Visitation Convent to the Queen of England, as a place where she could stay occasionally for quiet and retreat.

The Queen was much pleased with the idea ; she had a great devotion to our Blessed Lady and St. Francis of Sales, with whose writings she was familiar. On the 3rd October, 1650, she visited the monastery, and was able to verify all the statements made by Madame de Motteville of the simplicity and holiness of the Sisters. She was particularly pleased with the two Mothers, Hélène Lhuillier and Louise de La Fayette. The Lent following, her Majesty stayed with them again for a few days in Holy Week, and it was during this visit that the new foundation was decided upon. St. Vincent de Paul was at this time the Spiritual Father of the community ; he highly approved of the plan and helped them to carry it out. The first thing to be done was to find a suitable house, and Queen Henrietta undertook to seek for it herself. She succeeded at last in finding one which belonged to the Maréchal de Bassompierre, at Chaillot, a suburb of Paris. It had been built by Catherine de Medicis, and named by her "My Hermitage."

It might well be called a Royal Hermitage. The situation was perfect, on the side of a hill, and surrounded by gardens with terraces and fountains. The Visitation Sisters added some buildings, and made large plantations of fruit-trees. The only fault they had to find with it was that it was too magnificent for women, who had made such a strict vow of poverty. However, their desire to provide a pleasant retreat for the poor exiled Queen overruled this objection, and they decided to take it.

St. Vincent de Paul came to the monastery in the Rue St. Antoine to superintend the departure of the Sisters. He named Mother Hélène Lhuillier, Superior ; Sister Louise de La Fayette, Assistant ; Sister Marie de La Sourdière, Novice Mistress ; Sister Madeleine Lambert, Procuratrix ; and Sister Anne Cosmer, Sacristan. Sisters Paul Hamilton, Madeleine Le Grand, Eugénie de Bertant (Madame de Motteville's sister), and a lay-sister were also given to be their companions.

These were all Sisters of great virtue and charity, which they communicated to those who with them were consecrated to God in the house of Chaillot. The community became one of the most fervent, full of the love of God and contempt of the world, and with a great regularity of Rule.

The 21st June, 1651, was the day fixed upon by Queen Henrietta to leave the first monastery; the evening before, she told the Sisters to be in readiness for their move, and to keep it a secret, as the heirs of the Maréchal de Bassompierre were determined to oppose their possession. At the hour named, the Queen's carriages arrived for them, and they drove out quietly to Chaillot, where her Majesty was waiting to receive and give them a cordial welcome.

She brought them first into the suite of rooms which she had chosen for herself. They were the most suitable for her, as they opened out of doors. Then she sent them to arrange their own, lending them her servants to help.

The poor Sisters, with their love of poverty and retirement, left all the bright, finely decorated apartments, and established themselves in the attics, only making use of the furniture which had been provided for them by the first monastery. They suffered actual want for a time, without any one knowing of it, but they rejoiced at having something to suffer for the glory of God and the new foundation. The formal installation of the new house took place on the 28th June, 1651. The Curé of St. Servais celebrated Holy Mass, exposed the Blessed Sacrament, placed the cross upon the convent door, and established enclosure. Queen Henrietta took the title of foundress. She was intensely delighted at the realization of all her desires. She would not allow the Sisters to remain very long in the attics, but insisted upon their taking the rooms opposite to hers; and that they should not be disturbed in any way by seculars, she ordered her maids not only to respect the silence of the nuns, but to keep it themselves. This they did so exactly, that, though for eighteen years her Majesty spent the octaves of all the great feasts in the monastery, the Sisters were never disturbed by her or by her attendants. No one was allowed to enter the house without the permission of the Superior, who also kept the key of the door of communication between the Queen's apartments and the rest of the house. When visitors came to call upon her Majesty, this door was shut, so that the nun's enclosure was strictly kept. While she stayed at Chaillot, she preferred not to have any visits, and she only permitted those of her children, with a view to their conversion. Charles II. of England, with his brother, the Duke of York, often came to see their mother, and it was chiefly through her influence that the latter became a Catholic. Her Majesty was always most

thoughtful in preventing the entrance of strangers, and would even go to the parlour to see her physician and be measured for her robes. She took great pleasure in joining the Sisters at their recreation, but this had to be stopped, as it interfered with the simplicity of the Institute.

On feast-days she dined in the refectory, and her daughter, Princess Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, waited upon the Sisters at table.

Scarcely a year had passed before the war of the Fronde broke out with great fury. One day there were very sinister rumours, and Charles II. came with two carriages, to conduct the Queen and the Sisters to Paris for safety. The Annals say that :

The King made us all get into his carriage, while he accompanied the Queen. He had already procured for us permission from the Archbishop to break our enclosure, which we did, hoping that we should be the better able to keep it afterwards.

Happily this alarm was a false one, and after staying in Paris for twenty-four hours, the Sisters were able to return, and celebrated the feast of the Visitation at Chaillot. The following extract from the *Biographical Dictionary* gives some idea of these petty wars of the Fronde :

This war of the sling, a nickname from the boys in the city ditches of Paris who played at mimic fights with slings ; this burlesque war, "this war of children, with a child's nickname," comic in its origin, its events, its principle, as Michelet says of it, had been like the light scene which the skilful dramatist interposes between the great movements of his tragedy, at once to relieve the strained attention of the hearers, and to heighten the effect of the catastrophe. It fills with light and merry motion the period between Richelieu and Louis XIV. It was the game of lively schoolboys in the interval between the lessons of those two stern and severe teachers.

The nuns had not been very long in peace when the troubles of "this war of children" broke out again. It was serious enough for them, and they were really in danger at Chaillot. The Queen had not accompanied them in their return, and she was still at the Louvre. However, she could not remain there, as the people dared to enter her apartments, and showed no respect for her person. They also insulted her officers, calling them "Mazzarins." She decided, therefore, to go to Rouen, and asked her Visitandines to accompany her, but they preferred

to take refuge in their own house of the Rue St. Antoine, and they called to visit her Majesty at the Louvre on their way.

They were received at the monastery with the greatest hospitality and kindness, although three other communities, those of St. Denis, Meaux, and Compiègne, had already taken refuge there. As each community arrived, they were met at the cloister door, and embraced by the Sisters, who assured them that as long as they had a crust of bread, they would share it with them. Every one hastened to welcome the new arrivals, and helped them in every possible way ; making their beds for them, and procuring all that was necessary for their comfort. This behaviour greatly edified the people ; they said that although poor nuns were to be found wandering about in every direction to find shelter, the Visitation Sisters were all safely housed, owing to the great kindness which the Sisters had for each other : and they blessed St. Francis of Sales for having founded an Order so filled with charity.

Eugenie de Fontaines, who was the Superior of the Paris monastery, arranged everything in perfect order. Each community, when the bell rang, said their Office separately, in the different parts of the house which had been assigned to them, and at these hours the praises of God rang throughout the monastery. At other times there was great silence. St. Vincent of Paul, who often came to visit the sick, was charmed with the stillness which prevailed, and said that no one would think there were over two hundred people there.

During these days of terror and dismay, their confessor had permission to bring in the ciborium every evening. There was a recess made expressly for it in the wall of the infirmary chapel, and decorated with the greatest care. They could say with the spouse in the Canticles, " I will hold Him, and will not let Him go," since He made Himself, one might almost say, their prisoner.

The Chaillot Sisters only remained in the Rue St. Antoine two months and a half ; those of St. Denis from Pentecost to All Saints ; and the Sisters of Meaux for eleven months. Queen Henrietta had changed her mind about Rouen, and had gone to St. Germain's instead. She was still there when the Sisters returned to Chaillot, and did not rejoin them there until later.

In these changes, and in all the difficulties of a new foundation, Sister Louise was the help of the Superior and the friend of the Sisters, as well as of the unfortunate Queen,

who confided to her saintly and sympathetic ear her most secret sorrows and trials.

Eugenie de Bertant, Madame de Motteville's sister, was the first novice who made her vows at Chaillot. The Novitiate had now become very numerous, and was in the charge of Sister Louise. Under her experienced care and guidance, the novices advanced rapidly towards perfection.

The Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, was also a good friend to the new foundation. She chose for herself a small suite of rooms in a pavilion at the end of the long gallery, the windows of which overlooked the park.

She had a great respect for the hours of silence, as well as for the law of enclosure. The following story shows how much she thought of the latter.

King Louis XIV., who was still very young, came one day to see his royal mother. He was walking in the garden with some of his companions, when he took a fancy to have his carriage brought in. They unlocked the gates and the carriage entered, followed by a crowd of people, all desirous to see the young King.

The Queen, who was standing on the balcony, saw it all, and the disorder that prevailed. She at once sent for her son and complained to him, that he, who ought to be the protector of religious houses, must not be the one to break their laws. The young King was so touched by this reproach, that he sent thirty pistoles for the poor to the Bishop of Evreux, who was almoner to the Queen, in reparation for his fault.

Shortly afterwards the Sisters met with a great trial in the death of their beloved Mother Helène Lhuillier, on the 25th March, 1655. Before her death, she expressed a wish that Sister Louise de La Fayette should be her successor; and the election which took place in a few weeks confirmed her choice.

Their foundress, Queen Henrietta, was delighted; no sooner had she been informed of the election of the new Superior, than, forgetting her rank and the dignified demeanour which she generally maintained, she flew down to the choir, her feet hardly touching the ground, and embraced the new Mother, who was kneeling there bathed in tears. "The will of God," she said, "and the joy of the whole community must console you for having to bear the burden of superiority; you will be loved and honoured by all, and I shall be one of the most exact of your daughters in obedience and love."

A Chapter of Recent Historical Development.

THE celebrated historical controversy on the all important question of the origin of our institutions has for years been in progress between the Romanist and Germanist Schools. The subject has already been dealt with in more or less detail by writers who have taken part in the discussion; but for completeness' sake, it seems well to go over the ground once more, in order that we may see the precise bearing that earlier writers have had on those who succeeded them. But two preliminary matters have to be disposed of. In the first place, something must be said on the growth of scientific historical study in England, out of which the whole controversy sprang; and secondly, we need a picture of the early English rural economy to aid us to appreciate the worth of the conflicting views.

Making full allowance for the propensity to magnify the present at the expense of the past, we can hardly escape from the conclusion that historical science has made rapid and very singular progress in the past century. And the reason is not far to seek. History, like every other phase of thought, moulds itself on the current opinions of the time. From the days when Niebuhr wrote his *History of Rome*, criticism has been patiently engaged in testing, sifting, and classifying original materials; and it is to be hoped that the baneful influence of party spirit, which brands so much of the historical literature of the eighteenth century, has been once and for all removed. Another point, more nearly connected with our subject, is the utter disregard among otherwise fair-minded writers for the social aspect of English History. The whole subject was either summarily disposed of in an appendix by the historian, or guessed at by the antiquarian; indeed, that it should be the very groundwork upon which the history of a people must be built never seems to have occurred to them. The seventeenth century writers, such as Madox,

Selden, and Rymer, present us with a great mass of legal and antiquarian research, but they are as far as any can be from being scientific historians. Sir Edward Coke did indeed attempt to reduce English History to order, but he failed in trying to do so on a purely legal basis. Neither was Sir William Blackstone more fortunate; his work lacks originality, and as a writer on history his faults are mainly those of his age, a loose terminology and an unscientific arrangement. Not many years, however, after the publication of the *Commentaries on the Laws of England* came the great upheaval of 1789, causing ideas and principles which had towered over Europe for centuries to be stricken to the ground, and making it appear as though the very foundations of society would be shattered too. But like every catastrophe, it taught men what to avoid, and the generation that witnessed these storms discovered that they could learn from the past great political and social truths of which they had never dreamed before. Happily this country was saved from the revolutionary spirit, and the reaction is almost immediately noticeable in our historical literature. Allen,¹ writing in 1831, strove to prove that the royal power in England was developed from the ideas of the Roman Empire. Ten years later Sir Francis Palgrave published *The History of the English Commonwealth*, which put a completely new construction on Anglo-Saxon and mediæval social history. Adopting to some extent Allen's view, he sees in the English mediæval monarchy indestructible traits, both in principle and in particular attributes, of the Roman Empire. Besides this there was the unmistakable Teutonic element of strong decentralization and personal freedom; but for the former the barbarians would have formed a loose aggregate of federal states, but for the latter mediæval kings would have been mere tyrants.² As it was, the free institutions reacted upon the central power, and, under the influence of the Norman Conquest, they gradually became concentrated in the local liberty of Parliament. He considers that the Anglo-Saxon agrarian organization is midway between the complete private ownership of the Romans and the communalism of the Celt.³ When they came to the island, and there became acquainted with both, they easily

¹ *Rise and Progress of the Royal Prerogative*, 11—13.

² *English Commonwealth*, 77, 555, 633.

³ *Id.* 66.

modified what they found, and the mixed organization of the township was the result. Thus, it will be seen that under Palgrave's treatment, the Roman and Teutonic theories are to a great extent harmonized. But they were not long to remain so; the keen competition of French and German scholarship led historians, consciously or unconsciously, to take up the standpoint of national predilection, and follow their bias back to ancient times.

But a great political event occurred which was destined to give renewed impetus to the controversy and to bring prominently forward the social aspect of English History. Everybody knows that 1848 was the year of revolutions; the Third Revolution broke out in Paris, Louis Philippe was driven from the throne, and a Republic was established based on universal suffrage. But the Revolution did more; it aimed a blow at well-nigh every throne in Europe; and the insurrections which took place had for their immediate object the subversion of existing monarchies and the substitution of democratic government. In the earlier half of the century men had been engaged in the work of organizing the State, and trying to strike a balance between the influence of Government and the liberties of the people. Such measures as the Catholic Emancipation Act, the Reform Bill, the Abolition of Slavery, and a number of salutary economic laws, found their way into our Statute Book. After 1848, on the other hand, the tide turned in favour of the social tendency; and historical literature, growing up in the atmosphere of actual life, had to start from its interests and solve its problems in accord with these ideas. Augustin Thierry,¹ who unfortunately wrote as a partisan rather than as an historian, vehemently maintained that Gallo-Roman civilization triumphed over the Teutonic conquest of France by the Norseman, and that in consequence England owes its institutions not to the Germanic influence of Rollo's stock, but to the civic polity which the Romans had founded in Gaul. The opinion thus expressed was rapidly adopted by French writers, all at one in their animosity to Teutonic institutions and in their efforts to collect the scattered traces of Romanism in principle and application. The Germans, as we may suppose, were not likely to submit without a blow under such an onslaught; in fact they went as far in the opposite direction. The foundations of social life, they affirmed, lay in the common

¹ *Histoire de la Conquête de L'Angleterre par les Normands.*

freedom of the people, and not in the aristocracy. They denied the disruptive tendency of the German national character as Palgrave had drawn it, and endeavoured to explain this disruption into feudalism by attributing it to the long period of anarchy consequent on the assumption by the King of Imperial dignity. Here they were joined by men of the first rank among English historians, Kemble, Freeman, Stubbs, and others, who have taken up the dispute, and argued with great force and clearness for the Germanic origin of our institutions.

We are now come to the second of the preliminary questions with which we started ; a word, that is to say, on the established facts regarding early English rural organization. The difficulty arises chiefly as to the precise use of the word "manor" in the eleventh century. What at all events is agreed upon is the general condition of agricultural holding in the age of the Edwards, and this we can describe with the aid of Vinogradoff's researches into the contemporary records. At the time of which we are writing the manor is found to be divided into demesne land and land in villeinage. The former comprises the home-farm and the holdings of free socage tenants ; the latter is in the hands of the *virgarii* or yardlings. The whole population groups itself round the manorial court with its double duties of council and tribunal. The villeins, in return for their grant of land, render service amounting to about two days' labour each week on the lord's demesne, and when once this is performed they are free to cultivate their own holdings. Though the villeins are legally unfree, their condition is very far removed from slavery. A slave class properly so called there was none ; manumission was easy, and all were free except in relation to their lord. The agricultural system recognized three classes of land—arable, meadow, and waste. The first was partitioned off into acre-strips which were distributed among the tenants, but in such a way that one man's holding was scattered over the whole area of the village lands. So long as the fields were under crop each strip was in some sense the property of the holder ; but when once the fences had been thrown down on Lammas Day, the land reverted to the condition of common pasture for the cattle of the villagers. Legally the waste, or common, was the property of the lord ; but custom so far bound him that each free tenant had a right to the waste proportionate to his holding of the arable. This in most districts amounted to right to pasture one head of cattle for every score of acres.

With this somewhat meagre description of the manor and village community, we can now enter on the controversy between the Romanist and Germanist Schools. The whole question turns on the precise conditions of the small holder of land in early days. If for the most part he was bound to the lord, both as regards his land and his person, the social system must have been moulded on the Roman method of villa and *coloni*. If, on the other hand, he was personally free, either privately, or conjointly on equal terms with others, the system must have originated with the Teutonic settlers.

John Kemble, paying but scant attention to the fascinating tales of the landing of the Saxons, takes as the foundation of his work the great body of Anglo-Saxon charters, in the collation and arrangement of which he has done invaluable service to historians.¹ But however precious the material may be in itself, it cannot alone present us with a true picture, and consequently his view is often vague and distorted. In the Conquest he sees, not the sudden overthrow of all that had been, but a gradual introduction of Saxon influence.² This began indeed before the Romans had quitted our shores, but so complete was it that the native race was thrust down into the lower orders of society, and the Germanic communities grew as on a soil that had never before been appropriated. Of the English historians Kemble is the great exponent of the *Mark* System, which he regarded as the centre of all political and social life; at the same time there is a certain vagueness in his treatment which is not found in his German contemporary, G. L. von Maurer. On the supposition of the *Mark*, the author continues, feudalism is a most natural outgrowth. The scanty populations of ancient days needed but a small part of the country for their support; the rest remained as a reserve fund to supply the wants of future generations. But as this land was absorbed by the great magnates, the people, deprived of their natural means of expansion, were forced to seek subsistence at the hands of these wealthy landowners. The result was a gradual decrease of personal liberty, for the Teutonic world had no idea of a freeman severed from the soil. Kemble's position, therefore, is midway between the two Schools; for inasmuch as he maintained the theory of private property he is claimed by the Romanists, while his firm adherence to personal liberty entitles him to a place among the Germanists.

¹ *Codex Diplomaticus (Evi Saxonici)*.

² *Saxons in England*.

If there is any difficulty in determining the School to which John Kemble belongs, no such hesitation can exist in Professor Freeman's case. More than any other historian he has insisted on the personal freedom of the vast majority of the people and on the communal nature of primitive land tenure. The Teutonic conquests, he tells us, as effected in Gaul and Britain, differed very considerably. The British were rooted out of the country as far as any nation could be;¹ for in no other way can we explain the complete disappearance of Christianity, and the absence of all things Roman from our social and legal history. In primitive Saxon days all land was *folk-land*, but the custom of allotment which had been growing up from the time of the first invasions, was to a great extent hastened by Conquest.² The effect of commendation was to force the ceorls down to the level of villeins, but even then in spite of their debasement they never lost the means of obtaining their enfranchisement. However far-reaching the effects of the Norman Conquest may have been, in the process of organization it never worked any radical change on the internal structure of the people; in fact the change was even less than appeared on the surface.³ When the Norman Commissioners undertook the compilation of Domesday, they instinctively sought for, and therefore of course found, a manorial system throughout the land such as they had been accustomed to on the Continent. The result was that many a free village was set down in the Survey as land held in villeinage by a lord, and the transformation became complete when the manor was adopted as the unit of taxation.⁴ Such is Freeman's view; his materials in most cases are the Saxon chronicles, till then but little known; while among modern writers he has most freely accepted Kemble's conclusions in all matters connected with the social organization of the people.

In no account of a controversy like the present can we afford to omit reference to Dr. Stubbs' *Constitutional History of England*. This magnificent work is not, of course, designed to trace out one idea or to take up questions that have been left unheeded by earlier historians; but all that he has to say on the social system of the Anglo-Saxons is strong presumptive evidence in favour of the Germanist school. With Palgrave and Freeman he attributes to the Norman Conquest little more than the general concentration of administrative control by which order and unity was given to the free local institutions

¹ *Norman Conquest*, i. 18. ² *Id.* chap. 3. ³ *Id.* chap. 24. ⁴ *Id.* chap. 22.

of the Saxons.¹ Land is the basis of all political and social right; but however simple its origin, we can only arrive at its nature by way of inference. Without conjecturing as to how the change took place, it may be legitimately assumed that although we can still find traces of common land tenure at the opening of Anglo-Saxon history, absolute ownership in severalty had always been established and was rapidly becoming the rule.² The arable land, from the very nature of things, easily became private property; but woods, meadows, and pasture, long remained in the hands of the village groups. Stubbs insists strongly on the primitive freedom of the masses of the people, and considers that it is in this chiefly that England differed from Germany; amongst our forefathers slaves were greatly in the minority, although it is impossible to estimate the proportion they bore to the free population in either country.³ The system of Commendation, by which a vassal was obliged to place himself and his land under the protection of a lord, cannot be regarded as an infringement of personal liberty, it was rather an effectual means of compelling him to his duty. Our author approaches the *Mark* System with his characteristic caution. Admitting that it is a most inviting hypothesis on which to base later constitutional development,⁴ he does not find it consistent with the general sketch of the *Germania*, and, more than this, it is a totally insufficient explanation of the origin of our political and social institutions. The German communities, though they held their land in common, cannot be described as an agricultural people, a fact which the *Mark* System necessarily presupposes; besides, he adds, if it had existed in Tacitus' time he would certainly have thought fit to mention it. Nor can a mixture of the systems of lordship, village, and *Mark*, claim a greater probability; we have none of these in their completeness, and cannot be warranted in supposing the existence of all.⁵

Gneist's *Constitutional History* need not detain us long. It is interesting, nevertheless, to mark the emphasis which he has laid on the aristocratic nature of self-government, which even in the Saxon period is very noticeable.⁶ Throughout he attributes to real property great historical importance, and consequently pays but scant attention to the village communities.⁷ In this he differs much from others of his School, but

¹ *Const. Hist.* i. 434, 435.

² *Id.* i. 75.

³ *Id.* i. 78.

⁴ *Id.* i. 49.

⁵ *Id.* i. 33.

⁶ *Id.* ii. 429—446.

⁷ *Id.* ii. 347, 348.

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his insistence on the personal freedom of the masses of the people, coupled with his assumption that England represents one variation of Teutonic development, seems to place him unquestionably among the Germanists.

And here we must leave the subject for the present. A future article will deal with a class of historians who have devoted themselves exclusively to economic history, and who have thereby brought to light a great body of evidence in favour of one or other of the two opposing Schools.

EDWARD KING.

Wardley Hall.

BETWEEN the two Lancashire villages of Worsley and Swinton, the former owing its name to the Worsleys or Workedleys, who settled there at the Norman Conquest, and the latter—originally held by the Knights Hospitaller of St. John—either to St. Swithin, or as being the *ton* or town of the Saxon swineherd (when the great forest of Arden stretched to the confines of Manchester and herds of swine roamed therein), lies the ancient Hall of Wardley. In a sheltered nook, embosomed in trees, on the border of a somewhat desolate tract of moorland, now disfigured by colliery works and their tall unsightly chimneys, it appears as a relic of the beauty of the past in sharp contrast with the utilitarian ugliness of to-day. It is surrounded by one of the largest moats in Lancashire, and is one of the best specimens of half-timbered houses left in the county. Delightful to the eye are the soft tones of the old stone slates which still cover the roof, and the outlines of the three fine chimney-stacks which, archæologists explain, are of a type more common to Suffolk and Norfolk than to Lancashire. They also joyfully point out the early Tudor features which the Renaissance invasion spared—the old hall with its adjuncts, the through passage from the quadrangle to the garden, the minstrels' gallery over the passage, the Tudor oak door-heads of the twin buttery doors, and the fine open-timbered roof. We have no quarrel though with that Renaissance invasion, for it gave the old house—probably before 1625, according to an inscription on the gate-house—its beautiful oak staircase and the fine wainscoting in the present dining-room, a room which evokes a sigh of pure æsthetic pleasure with its low ceiling beams still bearing traces of their early painted arabesques, its lattice casements, framing the clear grey-blue light of this February afternoon into a delicate criss-cross pattern, uniting with the firelight that plays upon the panels covering every inch of wall, into a harmony of soberest dignity and beauty. With

such reverent care is every note of modernism excluded from this lovely room by its present holders, that it must look to-day much as it did when Francis Downes, and Elizabeth his wife, dwelt here, and died within four days of each other in the month of March, 1648.

It is not, however, to its beauties of old beam and stone that Wardley owes its greatest interest and mystery, but to the strange relic which for more than two hundred and fifty years has reposed within its walls—an object of veneration to some, and of curiosity and wonder to all who have ever dwelt therein. These sentiments are living still, for in the lease, granted three short years ago, to its present tenant, there is a stringent clause forbidding the removal or concealment of the skull lying in a niche between the great hall and the staircase. On a level with the topmost step of the stairs, in a small hole just big enough to hold it cut in the wall, it has lain, a silent witness of many vicissitudes, undisturbed—save at rare intervals and at the peril of the disturbers—a monument of a troubled page of history, and of a mystery recurring often enough to stagger incredulity, and to which it owes its preservation in the exact spot where it was placed in the middle of the seventeenth century. When evil days came to the old house and it was allowed to fall into decay and to become the dwelling-place of several poor colliers and their families, the skull lay in its niche, exposed to wind and rain, but respected by those rough inmates as it had been before and is respected now, for he who rashly flung it away had speedy reason to restore it to its place: "for there was no peace in the house till it was put back." Writing more than a hundred years ago, Thomas Barritt, the Manchester antiquary, describes his visit to Wardley and inspection of the skull, which "hath a superstitious veneration paid to it by the occupiers of the hall, who do not permit it to be removed from its situation. . . . There is a tradition that if removed, or ill-used, some uncommon noise or disturbance always follows." Roby, in his *Traditions of Lancashire*, published in 1831, tells us that if the skull was removed or buried it was sure to return: "so that in the end each succeeding tenant was fain to endure its presence, rather than be subject to the terrors and annoyance consequent upon its removal." On one occasion it was thrown into the moat, and a terrible storm arose, blowing down great trees and carrying away a part of the roof; so the moat was drained and

the skull found and taken back to its place. Fresh life was given to the legend as lately as four years ago, during the restoration of the house, when the skull was temporarily placed in a safe and, as the foreman of the works remarked, "it did thunder a few."

It is an altogether novel and rather weird sensation to sit in the pleasant drawing-room, into which part of the great hall has been converted, the afternoon tea-table spread with delicate daintiness, the scent of flowers mingling with that of the fragrant tea, surrounded by the newest of books and pamphlets in an atmosphere of utmost cosiness and safety, and to lift a half-fearful eye to that *memento mori* in its niche high up in the wall, and now furnished on either side with a tiny glass door—the keys of which are in the custody of the trustees of the estate. Or to go up the stairs, and, kneeling on the top step, so as to be on a level with that grim relic of a terrible deed and solemn vow, look into the empty sockets of its eyes, and wish, with a desire as intense as it is vain, that that old head could speak and tell us why it thus persists in remaining unburied, raised up between earth and heaven.

The skull of Wardley has its history; in fact, several histories—for it would have been impossible that popular superstition should not have woven a web of fantastic tales around it during its long and mysterious sojourn there. Of these histories, three are the most popular; the first has it that the head belonged to Roger Downes, killed in a fray at Epsom, and that it was preserved by the pious care of his sister Penelope; the second, evidently a popular corruption of the other two, that it was the head of an unknown priest, killed in a fit of rage by an undefined member of the Downes family, and set up in its place as an act of remorse. The third, and we hope to show truthful version, is that it is the skull of the Venerable Edward Ambrose Barlow, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Lancaster, in 1641, preserved by his kinsman and friend, Francis Downes, in perpetual memory of his martyrdom.

To come to Roger and Penelope Downes, it is needful to say a few words about their maternal ancestors and near neighbours—for the two halls are but some six miles apart—the Traffords of Trafford. The pedigree of this ancient house begins with a certain Ralph or Radulphus, who was lord of Trafford in the time of Canute the Dane. "We may picture," says Croxton, in his *Lancashire Families*, "the scenes of sylvan

solitude when the serfs and bondsmen of this Saxon patriarch tended their herds beneath the wide-branching oaks, and gathered their scattered porkers to feed on the luxuriant banquet of acorns and beech-mast which the then existing forest furnished." Radulphus died *circa* 1050, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, leaving a son of the same name. It is not clear how the Traffords preserved their lands at the time of the Conquest, but as Croxton remarks: "Expediency and secret betrothals were not unknown in the adjustment of differences in the eleventh century any more than they are now." They seem generally to have been prudent men, addicted to marrying heiresses and increasing their estates. The "Blacke Booke of Trafford" says that Radulphus, second of the name, and his son Robert had a pardon or protection granted to them about 1080, by Hamo, Norman Baron of Dunham Massey, with the lands and body of one Wulfernote, a Saxon rebel.

Five hundred years later Sir Edmund Trafford's younger brother William appears as the last Abbot of the Cistercian House of Salley, or Mount St. Andrew's. Like his neighbour, John Paslew, last Abbot of Whalley, he was tried at the Spring Assize at Lancaster in March, 1537, and hanged in the same town on March 10th, two days before his brother Abbot was hanged within sight of his own abbey of Whalley. Stevens, in his *Monasticon*, writes: "The names of the abbots of this (Salley) monastery I have not anywhere met with, except only the last of them, William Trafford, who alone may stand for many, being one of the small number who, in those days, had the courage to give up his life a sacrifice for his conscience; for he was hanged at Lancaster, in the year 1538 (1537?) for opposing the sacrilegious havoc of churches and monasteries and standing up for his own; on which account his name will for ever remain honourable to posterity."

This high praise could not be awarded to his nephew, another Sir Edmund, born 1533, for he is described in religious matters as a time-serving and versatile individual who in turn embraced and abandoned the Protestant and Catholic creeds. When Henry VIII. assumed the supremacy of the Church, "Edmund Trafford's conscience forbade him to question the wisdom of that most religious and gracious prince." Under Edward VI. he was an uncompromising Protestant; on the accession of Mary he resumed every article of the Catholic faith: and when Elizabeth came to the throne he was a staunch

upholder of the doctrines of the Reformed Church, and ready to persecute those who had any lingering attachment to the faith of their fathers. He died 1564. This worthy's son, another Edmund, married Mary Howard, sister of the beautiful and ill-fated Catherine Howard, wife of Henry VIII. As the brother-in-law of that monarch, it is not to be wondered at that Edmund Trafford became known as a sore thorn in the side of the Papists of Lancashire, then accounted the most Catholic shire in the country; that he took infinitely more delight in "coursing priests than in coursing hares," and enriched himself by the sacrilegious appropriation of the revenues of the Church. Father Campion describes him as "a most bitter enemy of the Catholics."

Another Edmund, fifth of the name in direct succession, was as zealous in "coursing" refractory recusants as his father and grandsire could have wished. Writing to Cecil in 1602, he says that he is busy "hunting and unkeneling those slie and subtil foxes the Jesuites and seminarie priests." Fired by the example of Lord Derby, who had kept a spy named Bell to ferret them out while pretending to be interested in local affairs, Trafford sent persons privately among Papists to discover their doings, one Christopher Bayley being specially employed on this creditable service.

Edmund's son, Cecil, probably so named after the great Lord Secretary, was born in 1599. He grew up to be a vigorous persecutor of the Catholics, and in his zeal set himself to convince his friend, Mr. Downes of Wardley, a staunch Papist, of the errors of his ways. For this purpose he began to study controversial theology, and we can fancy him riding over from Trafford to Wardley, armed with the latest arguments he has culled from his books, to effect his old friend's conversion to the reformed religion. Whether he exercised his eloquence upon Roger Downes, the head of the house, and his senior by eighteen years, or upon his sons Francis and John, does not clearly appear, but the result was not what he had expected when he started upon his missionary campaign. Mr. Downes converted him, and he became as zealous a confessor as he had been a persecutor of the ancient Faith. He gave his daughter Penelope in marriage to John, second son of Mr. Downes. Change of religion was soon followed by change of fortune. Under Charles I. we find Sir Cecil and other Catholic gentlemen petitioning the King that they might be permitted to bear arms

for the defence of the Crown and the country in the great conflict between the King and Parliament. The prayer was granted, but as far as Sir Cecil was concerned, it availed him little, for on the 2nd December, 1642, "the arch-Papist," as he was stigmatized, was seized by order of Sir John Seaton, and confined in the prison of Manchester, the same prison, in all likelihood, to which his father had consigned so many recusants. He escaped with his life, though his house was plundered, his estates sequestrated, and himself imprisoned, under the Commonwealth, at Kingston-on-Hull "on board ship, under decks in the bottom of the ship, closer than any dungeon, without light or fresh air for several months."

The Restoration brought brighter days, and, after a chequered career, he died at the age of seventy-three, and was laid by his father in Trafford Chapel, in the "Old Church," Manchester. He bequeathed the doctrines he had received from Roger Downes to his descendants, who have held them to the present time, and it is only within the last few years that the growth of Manchester, with its Ship Canal and docks, has made Trafford untenable to the family who had remained on it more than nine hundred years.

The Downes family had migrated from Cheshire to Lancashire in the middle of the sixteenth century by the marriage of a certain Roger Downes with the sister and heiress of Ralph Worsley of Worsley. His son, another Roger, purchased Wardley from Thurston de Tyldersley, whose ancestor, Jordon de Tyldersley (*temp.* Edward II.) had married Margaret, daughter and heiress of the Worsleys or Workedleys, whose family had held it since the Conquest. We find this Roger Downes at Wardley in 1609, and he effected those alterations in the old house which we both deplore and admire, for if they destroyed many an older feature, they replaced them with works as beautiful. Mr. Downes was not a Catholic by birth, but married successively into two Catholic families, the Gerards of Ince, and the Calverts of Cockerham, and embraced their religion. He was a barrister of Gray's Inn, and Vice-Chancellor of Cheshire—presumably in his Protestant days—serving in that capacity both William, Earl of Derby, and his son James, Lord Strange. His will is dated April 18, 1637, and he died in July, 1638, aged fifty-seven. He was succeeded by his son Francis, the eldest son of his second marriage, who was baptized at Eccles Church, July 19, 1606.

Francis, like his father, was a barrister-at-law, and it must be admitted that Sir Cecil Trafford, with his hasty studies of controversial theology, can have been but a poor match for two long-headed lawyers. The beautiful oak-room, with the fine wainscoting, then in its pristine freshness, must have been the scene of more than one strenuous encounter, carried on with bated breath; strenuous and earnest, for matters of religion were very literally affairs of life and death, and none knew better than these men that there was peril of heads in the work they were engaged in. The earlier visits of this grand-nephew-in-law of Henry VIII. must have been rather a questionable pleasure to a recusant household, entailing a hasty putting away of compromising articles, perhaps the vanishing of Ambrose Barlow himself, or some fellow-priest, into the hiding-hole on the approach of this champion of the Reformation; until the dawn of the day when he went into the little chapel over the gate-house, to adore where he had meant to destroy. Then came the lighter episode of the love and marriage of John Downes and Penelope Trafford. Francis was considerably older and already married, or so good a match would hardly have fallen to a younger son. Their union was not a long one, for John died young, leaving an infant daughter, Penelope, and a son, Roger, born the year of his father's death, and the last of his name.

The wife of Francis Downes was Elizabeth, daughter of a near Cheshire neighbour (a circuit of twenty miles would embrace all the old halls with which our story is concerned), John Preston, of the Manor, Furness, and also of Preston Patrick. Francis and Elizabeth were fervent Catholics, and had their full share of the harsher measures dealt to the recusants by the Long Parliament after the comparative lull in the earlier days of Charles I. They left no children, and died, Elizabeth on the 5th, and her husband on the 9th of March, 1648, probably of some malignant fever or the plague, for Francis was but forty-two years of age, and his wife presumably younger. The date of their death was unknown—it is of importance to the Ambrose Barlow story—until Mr. Gillow, of Cheadle Hall, Cheshire, found the entries in a Missal which had belonged to Father John Huddleston, known later to history as saving the life of Charles II., after the Battle of Worcester, and reconciling that monarch to the Catholic Church on his death-bed. In his younger days Huddleston served Furness Manor and

district, and made MS. entries in the above-mentioned Missal of the death of his friends. We there find Elizabeth and Francis Downes, also the husband of Francis's only sister, Jane Downes, Colonel Ralph Sneyd, slain during the Civil Wars on the 7th March, 1650. (They were married at Keele Church, January 20th, 1628.) From the frequency with which the entry "slain" comes in these obituary notices, it seems likely that Father Huddleston served as chaplain to the Catholic Cavaliers in the field, and there are several instances besides the Downes's, in which the dates given in this valuable little book are the only known record of death. Francis's will bears the date of February 20, 164 $\frac{2}{3}$; it was proved in London in August, 1650, more than two years after his death, the delay owing, no doubt, to the distracted state of the country.

Death was busy at Wardley in the spring of 1648, and struck down—perhaps with others of the meaner sort unrecorded—John Downes, in May, a few weeks after the death of his brother and sister-in-law. John played his little part in history, joining the King's forces as a Cavalier, and we find him with Lord Strange at the ineffectual siege of Manchester, in September, 1643. As a youth he had travelled abroad, under the *alias* of Caryll, to evade the regulations prohibiting recusants from leaving England without leave, and there is an entry in the Pilgrim Book of the Hospice at the English College at Rome that he was received for eight days on April 20, 1638. There is another entry of his dining there on October 24, so he was absent from home at the time of his father's death in the month of July. John left his young wife Penelope—who afterwards married Robert Powell, of Little Sutton, Cheshire, and died in 1673—and two infant children, Penelope and Roger.

Born the very year of his father's death, and succeeding at once to his uncle's estates, young Roger Downes grew to manhood under the Restoration. After a long minority, deprived of a father's care, probably withdrawn altogether from his mother's influence, as it was customary for the orphan children of recusants to be brought up in the reformed religion by guardians appointed by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, with his grandfather, Sir Cecil Trafford, engaged in working out his chequered career as an "arch-papist," it is not surprising that the youthful, wealthy Cavalier, joining the gallants of the Merry Monarch's Court, should have grown lax and careless in his morals and religion. This is the curious and graphic account

of the affray which led to his death, given in a letter, dated 29th June, 1676, from Charles Hatton, and preserved in the Hatton correspondence of the Campden Society.

Mr. Downes is dead. Y^e Lord Rochester doth abscond, and soe doth Etheridge and Captain Bridges, who occasioned y^e riot Sunday sennight. They were tossing some fiddlers in a blanket for refusing to play, and a barber upon y^e noise, going to see what y^e matter, they seized upon him, and, to free himselfe from them he . . . directed them to the constable's house, . . . who, refusing to let them in, they broke open his doors and beat him very severely. At last he made his escape, called his watch, and Etheridge made a submissive oration to them and so appeased them that ye constable dismissed his watch. But presently after, y^e Ld Rochester drew upon y^e constable, Mr. Downes, to prevent his pass, seized on him, y^e constable cried out murther, and the watch returning, one came behind Mr. Downes, and with a spittle staff cleft his scull. Y^e Lord Rochester and y^e rest ran away, and Downes, having no sword, snatched up a stick, and striking at them, they ran him into the side with a half-pike, and soe bruised his arme y^t he was never able to stir it after. He hath given his estate, which was 1,500 per an. to his sister, and is reported y^e Lord Shrewsbury is to marry her. But some say his estate was entayled on a kinsman of his.

Poor Roger's death was not altogether ignoble if—as the words, “to prevent his pass,” imply—he was wounded in trying to prevent Lord Rochester's attack upon the constable, after the latter had dismissed the watch in consequence of Etheridge's “submissive oration.” He must have lived several days, for his will bears the date of June 22nd, and he died on the 27th, two days before the date of Hatton's letter. He left his estates to his sister Penelope, then twenty-nine or thirty years of age. She married—not Lord Shrewsbury, as Hatton's rumour predicted, but Richard Savage, fourth Earl Rivers, “eminent soldier and statesman,” in the reign of William and Mary, and Queen Anne. She left an only daughter, Elizabeth, who by her marriage with Lord Barrymore left, in her turn, an only daughter, another Penelope, married to General James Cholmondeley, and the last of her line. On the death of Richard Savage, Earl Rivers, in 1712, without male issue, the title passed to his relative and namesake, Richard Savage, a Catholic priest, and with him the peerages of Rivers, Savage, and Colchester became extinct.

Roger Downes was twenty-eight years of age when he came to his untimely death. How soon or in what manner the legend sprang up that his head was severed from his body, enclosed

in a box, and sent from London to his sister at Wardley, who placed it in the prominent position we have described—which Roby has elaborated into a long story in his *Traditions of Lancashire*—we know not. But the matter was really elucidated in the most positive fashion in 1779. On a wall in the neighbouring Church of Wigan there is a tablet to the memory of this same Roger, with the inscription: "Rogerus Downes de Wardley, armiger, filius Johannis Downes, hujus comitatis, armigiri, obiit 27 Junii, 1676, ætatis suæ 28." During some repairs to the church in 1779, a vault was opened and a coffin discovered, on which was an inscription to the above young Downes. A very natural curiosity led to the opening of it, and the skeleton—head and all—was there. The upper part of the skull had been sawn off after death, evidently by a surgeon. Barritt, writing shortly afterwards, says: "His shroud was in tolerable preservation, and the Rev. Mr. Kenyon, of Peel, librarian of the college of this town (Manchester), showed me some of the ribbon that tied his suit at the arms, wrists, and ankles; it was of a brown colour—what it was at first could not be ascertained."

A popular and vulgarized version of the story dates from about the end of the eighteenth century, and is, as we have said, an evident corruption of the other two; it may even have sprung to life after the opening of Roger Downes's coffin had proved beyond all doubt that the skull at Wardley was not his. It runs that some member of the Downes family, called to London on important business, left his wife, who was expecting an heir, under the care of his chaplain, a Catholic priest. In his anxiety for the health of his charge, the chaplain recommended a bath, which resulted in the poor lady's death. When her husband returned and found what had happened, in his rage and sorrow he slew the priest, and then preserved his head as a token of repentance. Here we have, as in the Roger Downes's story, a journey to London of the head of the house mixed up with the Ambrose Barlow version of the skull being that of a priest. The fatal consequence of taking a bath finds its origin in a prejudice which has not yet entirely died out among the ignorant of Lancashire.

Edward Barlow, in Religion Father Ambrose of the Order of St. Benedict, and declared Venerable in 1886 by Leo XIII., was born at Barlow Hall, Manchester, in 1585. His father was Sir Alexander Barlow, Kt., who had married Mary, second

daughter of Sir Urian Brereton, Kt., of Handforth Hall, Cheshire, both near neighbours of Wardley, and the Barlows cousins of the Downes family; the kinship is established by one of their wills. The very rare book of the Sieur de Marsys, a gentleman in the suite of the French Ambassador in England, published in 1646—there are but three known copies in England—gives a most interesting account of the life and death of Father Ambrose. This book was unknown to Challoner, and is therefore doubly valuable in its corroboration of his *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, written in the middle of the eighteenth century. From these and other sources, we get a very clear idea of the man and his career.

His house was an ancient and honourable one, de Marsys calls it "illustre," and at the age of twelve, young Edward was sent, according to the custom of the time, as page to a nobleman connected with his family, in order to be trained in all knightly accomplishments. But he had already shown a great disposition for letters and religion, with a desire for the ecclesiastical state which grew with his growth, and we next hear of him as a student of the English College at Douai, doing his "Humanities." From thence he journeyed to Valladolid to study philosophy and theology at St. Alban's College, returning again to Douai to enter the house of the Benedictines. The Superior, who happened to be a relative of his own, sent him at once to St. Malo, in Brittany, where he spent his year of probation in the famous College of Clermont. This period of study in different parts of the Continent must have covered eleven or twelve years, for we find him receiving the monastic habit at St. Malo, in 1615, and returning to Douai the following year to make his solemn profession at St. Gregory's, the Benedictine College. He was thirty-one years of age, and was soon despatched as a missionary priest to England.

Full of joy at this fulfilment of his aspirations, armed and equipped by that long preparation of mind and heart, carrying his life in his hands, his monastic habit changed for the garb of a simple gentleman—we are told that he carried no sword nor watch and preferred mean apparel—he came back to his own county of Lancashire to enter upon that apostolic career which was to endure more than twenty years, and have so noble and dramatic a conclusion. According to pre-Reformation custom among ecclesiastics, he adopted his mother's maiden name, and was known as Mr. Brereton. Wardley, Handforth,

Barlow, and Morley Halls were the chief scenes of his labours, and we have some charming accounts of the sweetness of disposition and mirthful pleasantness which reminded his contemporaries of the character of Sir Thomas More. He was a bit of an artist, and used to employ his rare moments of leisure in painting; we hear of several sacred pictures from his hand, but none are known to have come down to us. His own portrait in oils preserved in the Benedictine College at Douai is by an unknown artist. His zeal and virtues, as they are recorded, spread a grateful odour about his name; as a composer of differences and a reconciler of such as were at variance, his fame attracted many from all parts of the country. He feared no dangers, and when his friends appealed to him to be more careful, he would turn them off with a joke. Several times arrested and cast into Lancaster Gaol or the prison at Manchester, he would be cautioned, fined, and let go; with the accession of Charles I. times were quieter, the King was averse to shed blood for religion, and the fines of the recusants were a refreshing stream to his exhausted exchequer.

That all was not storm and stress and inroads of pursuivants is illustrated as early as 1621 by the assemblage at Furness Manor of recusant families for the marriage of Agnes Preston with Christopher Anderton of Lostock. This union of two great houses seems to have been celebrated with some pomp. The Downes, Francis then a lad of fifteen and perhaps not foreseeing that the bride's sister, Elizabeth, was to become his wife; the Barlows, including Father Ambrose who may have assisted Father Huddleston to tie the knot, will have been present at this child-marriage—common enough among great families in those days—the bride being thirteen and the groom fourteen years of age. The latter was despatched to school at Douai immediately after the ceremony. Yet another guest was there who preserved in his common-place book a long account of this marriage—Laurence Anderton, *vari.* John Brekeley, priest, S.J., who had been known at Cambridge as "silver-mouthed Anderton" for his eloquence.

The humble-mindedness which caused Ambrose Barlow to abstain from wearing sword or watch, also withheld him from frequenting the society of his peers except in the exercise of his functions, and he took up his abode in a farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Wardley and Barlow Halls. We have a pleasant picture of the good priest's relations with the humbler

members of his flock from the pen of his brother, Rudesind Barlow, written shortly after his death. It was his habit on the eves of the principal feasts of the year to receive the poor Catholics who resorted to him from distant places. They passed the night after the manner of the primitive Church, in watching, prayer, and spiritual colloquies ; whilst for his part he was employed all the night in hearing confessions. On the next day he treated them all to a dinner, when he and some of the more honourable sort of his flock waited upon them. When he sent them home he gave each of them a groat in alms. So greatly beloved did he become by Protestants and Catholics alike, that he was able to move about freely and with hardly any attempt at disguise, until a sterner day arose.

With 1640 came the Long Parliament and harsher measures for the Papists. On Easter Sunday of the following year, April 25, 1641, Father Ambrose had said Mass in the domestic chapel of Morley's Hall, the seat of the Tyldersleys after they had sold Wardley to Mr. Downes. His congregation numbered about a hundred, and he was preaching to them on the subject of patience, when a sudden noise and tumult announced an attack upon the little flock. A neighbouring minister, either the Rev. John Jones of Eccles, or the Rev. James Gatley of Leigh (more probably the latter, as Morley's is in the parish of Leigh), having hastily finished his own service so as to surprise the Catholics, marched at the head of some four hundred of his parishioners armed with clubs and swords to besiege the chapel and seize the priest. Father Ambrose himself describes the scene in a letter to his brother Rudesind, dated from Lancaster Gaol the 17th of May : the parson in his white surplice, the armed mob breaking in the doors, and his own arrest. His flock tried to defend him, but he forbade them, saying "he must die sometime or other, and could not die a better death." He was carried before a Justice of the Peace, named Risley, probably a member of the Risleys of Risley Hall, in the parish of Winwich. By him he was sent under an escort of sixty armed men—for fear of a rescue—to Lancaster Castle. Information of the capture was despatched to the Council, and on Friday, May 20, 1641, the following resolution was passed by the Lords :

Whereas this House was informed that a Romish priest was apprehended on Easter Day last at the Hall of Morleys, in the county of Lancaster, called by the name of Edward Barlow, who afore his examination confessed himself a Romish priest, and has received

Orders at Arras: he being now committed to the common gaol of Lancaster, it is ordered that the same Edward Barlow shall be proceeded against at the next Assize for the said county according to law.

The next Lancaster Assize accordingly saw him, on the 7th of September, arraigned before Sir Robert Heath, who is said to have had instructions from the Parliament, "if any priest was convicted at Lancaster to see the law executed upon him for a terror to the Catholics who were numerous in that county." His condemnation was a foregone conclusion, as he made no denial of his priestly character, but so well-disposed did the public appear towards him that the judge appears to have cut the proceedings rather short before directing the jury to find him guilty. The formidable terms of the sentence moved the hearts of Protestants and Catholics, but our martyr heard them "with a cheerful and pleasant countenance, and said aloud, 'Thanks be to God.'" He and his judge did not part on bad terms—he praying heartily to the Divine Majesty to forgive all that had any way been accessory to his death, and Sir Robert Heath applauding his charity and granting him his last request—that he might have a chamber to himself in Lancaster Castle where he might, without molestation, prepare for his exit.

On the following Friday, September 10, he was brought out to suffer, laid upon a hurdle, and drawn to the place of execution. He had made a little cross of wood for himself which he held clasped in his hand. From all parts of the county the Catholics had gathered round the scaffold to attend the death of the faithful pastor who for so long had taught and fed, and chidden and consoled them. He walked three times round the gallows, with the cross before his breast, reciting the *Miserere* (50th) Psalm. His serenity seems to have been disturbed but for one moment when some ministers clambered on to the scaffold and began to argue with him. He told them "he had something else to do than to harken to their fooleries." He made a last exhortation to the crowd, praying aloud for them, and secretly for himself, and was then hanged, cut down, butchered, and his quarters parboiled in the tar-cauldron, as was the custom in such cases. His head was impaled (either upon Lancaster Castle, or, more probably, on the Old Church in Manchester), whence it was removed by Francis Downes, and reverently preserved at Wardley. No contemporary documentary proofs remain of this removal, but the wonder would

rather be, if there were any. Such transactions were of necessity conducted with the utmost secrecy, and, as in the case of the head of Sir Thomas More, sometimes by a lady of the family, as less open to suspicion. Mrs. Francis Downes, or perhaps her young sister-in-law, Penelope, may have been the agent, and if the latter, we would find an explanation for the appearance of a Penelope in the other legend. De Marsys says that the Catholics who gathered round the scaffold were eager to obtain relics of one whom they regarded as a saint. His hand is still preserved by the Benedictine nuns at St. Mary's Abbey, Stanbrook, and another relic is at the College of Downside.

Ambrose Barlow was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his priesthood when he passed from his labours. Immediately after his death an engraved portrait on vellum was published and widely distributed in Lancashire, sometimes with a small relic attached. There is a halter round the neck, and a Latin inscription at the foot of the portrait.

With what feelings of indignation, respect, and outraged affection Francis Downes caused that tiny niche to be hewn in the inner wall of his house, and placed therein the hallowed head of his priest and kinsman, with a solemn vow that there it should ever remain, we can try to conjecture. But who shall explain the strange phenomena which under alien rule, for with John Downes and his wife the old faith died at Wardley, have guarded that vow, and surrounded that relic to the present time? The mind is tempted to go back to that ancient day when the element of fire respected the faith of Three Children, who, as they walked unharmed in the fiery furnace, uttered a hymn of praise still sounding in our ears. And we may wonder whether the elements of the air, the thunder, and the lightning may not in some way undreamt of in our philosophies, here bear witness to the truth that "precious is the death of a Saint."

M. H.

The Newcastle Conference.

THERE can be no two opinions as to the success in every way of the Newcastle Conference. All was well arranged by the forethought and enterprise of the industrious organizers, and the people responded with enthusiasm. That the gatherings would be numerous was to be anticipated in that thickly populated district, but that they should have been so numerous seems to have come as a surprise on the local press. "Never in the past," said the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, whose kindly references to the proceedings deserve a word of recognition, "has even Jesmond Dene been the scene of a garden-party of the magnitude of that held there yesterday, and never did Olympia contain a greater crowd than that assembled there last evening to listen to Cardinal Vaughan." And we may add that never in the history of the many courtesies shown by local authorities to these Catholic Conferences has a more graceful courtesy been shown than by the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle, in placing their beautiful Dene at the disposal of the Catholics for the whole of that afternoon. That they should have done this is proof positive that they did not anticipate from the Conference any tendency to breed bad blood in their neighbourhood, nor was there ground for any such anticipation. The recent Conference resembled its predecessors in the conspicuous endeavour to be fair and conciliatory to all outsiders, and even to learn from them where they had things to teach us. Nor is it superfluous to take note of this feature in the now annual Conferences, for the impression still prevails in some quarters that a Conference is a hot controversial campaign which will leave heartburnings behind it, and the effect is to obstruct their entrance into towns where they might do much good. And if any one doubts that they do do good, let him question the Catholics of Newcastle just now, for they will tell him how they have been encouraged by the discovery that their united strength for the open profession of the Faith and the

maintenance of much-needed Catholic institutions is far greater than they had previously realized, and how they have learnt a lesson in the art of co-operating together for these ends.

The proceedings of the Conference were likewise of present, some of them of exceptional interest, and may not be inaptly described as having cleared the air in regard to some much discussed subjects.

The Cardinal's opening Address naturally attracted the most wide-spread attention. It is in our readers' hands, and has been welcomed by them as a frank, clear, and outspoken statement on the points which it took up. It was disappointing that it should have had to commence with an "open confession" in regard to the Toulouse relics, but it was at least an advantage that an opportunity should be given of showing the world that Catholics, unlike so many of their assailants, have enough of the spirit of truth in them to withdraw from a position as soon as it is shown to be untenable. It was an advantage also to have an occasion for explaining thus publicly the reasonable character of our use of relics.

The necessity of the Cardinal's paragraph on the term "Roman Catholic" was created by the recent Address of the Catholic deputation to King Edward, in which, contrary to what had been expected, they were compelled by the Home Office to describe themselves by this appellation or desist from the Address altogether. One can realize the difficulty in which His Eminence and the Catholic leaders were placed when they found at the last moment that this alternative would be presented to them. If they desisted from the Address they would not only lose a much-desired opportunity of giving expression to the loyal sentiments of the English Catholics, but would be giving a pretext to a class of critics only too willing to put a false and discreditable construction upon their action. And yet how could they describe themselves by an appellation invented for the express purpose of asserting that one may be a Catholic without being in communion with the Pope—especially if, as the Cardinal seems to imply, he was told that the very reason for requiring the deputation to accept the appellation was because "you belong to the Roman Catholic Church, not the Catholic Church," and because "the Reformed Protestant Church established by law is the genuine Catholic Church in this country." On the other hand, there was a true sense, quite in accordance with Catholic belief, which the

term "Roman Catholic" was capable of bearing, and which, if only it could be made clear that this was the sense in which we used it, rendered this term, precisely because of its ambiguity, one which Catholics and non-Catholics could agree to employ in their intercourse with one another; and, in fact, it had come to be so employed, and on this basis, as far as Catholics were concerned, in their official intercourse with the Government or public services. The escape accordingly from the dilemma seemed to His Eminence to be by accepting the appellation in the Catholic Address to the Crown and taking some early opportunity of a public statement which could always be referred back to, and which should declare that by the compound term "Roman Catholic," if ever we apply it to ourselves, we mean that it is an essential element in Catholicism to look to the See of Rome as to its centre of unity.

In his section on the Royal Declaration, the Cardinal knocked on the head a misconstruction of our attitude towards it which has been industriously circulated by the *Times*, which accordingly was intensely indignant with his whole Address. It had said that our real aim in demanding the revision of the Declaration was to secure the possibility of a Catholic Sovereign, and that our professed objection to the insulting character of the present text was feigned and a mere means to this end. But now the Cardinal has said, "I entirely and frankly accept the decision of the country that the King must be a Protestant." He speaks in his own name, but with the full consciousness that he carries the mass of the Catholics of this country with him. Why should we, in the present state of England, wish for a Catholic King? We might indeed desire in the interests of the Sovereign himself, whether present or future, that he should never be put in the fearful temptation of having to choose between an earthly and a heavenly crown, but for his Catholic subjects a Catholic King in a Protestant country, saturated with bigotry, would be an aggravated example of a disadvantage with which they have sometimes had to contend, when one of their number is appointed to a subordinate post of power and influence. Every favour shown, every promotion given, by such a person to a Catholic is sharply watched and recklessly set down to favouritism by the bigots of the country; and he is only human if, in his anxiety to protect himself from misrepresentation, he comes unconsciously to accord to his co-religionists something less than the equality of treatment which they would

receive from a fair-minded non-Catholic incumbent of the same post.

His Eminence detected a hitherto unnoticed absurdity in the present Declaration when he declared it to be a sham utterly ineffective for the very purpose for which it is imposed. It cannot bind the Sovereign never to abandon the belief to which it gives expression, for the belief to which it gives expression, is blasphemous, and a blasphemous belief not only may be, but must be, repudiated as soon as its true nature is discerned. No doubt the object of the Declaration is to engage the Sovereign to surrender his throne peaceably, if he should at any time come to change his mind about the doctrines which it condemns, and yet, in so far as the present text is concerned, it is perfectly open for a Sovereign who has sworn to it to say after an interval of time, "Yes, I could not accede to the throne without declaring my disbelief in Transubstantiation, &c., and at that time I did disbelieve in these doctrines, and could declare as much. But the Declaration in no way bound me to descend from my throne if I came to change my belief afterwards, and so I can and shall remain where I am." Of course an honourable Sovereign would not reason thus, for he would feel that the intention of the Act imposing the oath was to exclude a Catholic from the throne. But that is not the question. The question is as to the effectiveness of the language of the present text, which does not contain a single clause imposing the conditional obligation to abdicate. Why then keep it, seeing that the one thing for which it is effective is to wound the religious sentiments of twelve millions of the King's subjects? Why not substitute a simple declaration like the following: "I declare, before God, that I am a Protestant, and that if I should ever cease to be such, I will at once resign my throne"? The *Times* tells us this would be much too indefinite; but it would be definite enough to exclude effectively every member of the Church which embraces two-thirds of Christendom, and this they assure us is all they want. If, indeed, it is their own open profession which is feigned, and in reality they mean that to require the King to make such a positive profession as the above, would be to exclude many who are not Protestants—Turks, Mohammedans, Agnostics, Atheists—it is at least desirable, in the interests of the country, that they should be encouraged to speak out openly what they mean, that it may be clearly understood by the people and their legislators.

Of the subjects discussed in the Conference undoubtedly the most important, because the most pressing, was that on Secondary Education. Dr. Windle's essay was on our educational requirements in themselves, Father Gerard's on the religious danger which threatens to become graver than ever. It was a great advantage to have Dr. Windle's paper, not only on account of the writer's experience as an educationalist and as a member of the Consultative Committee, but also because it had the merit of defining so clearly the ends for which we should strive in the near future. He took up a middle position between the optimists and pessimists in estimating the quality of our present schools. We had good, bad, and indifferent, he thought, in about the same proportion as our neighbours, but there was much need for improvement where improvement was possible, and for elimination where it was impossible. His chief suggestions were two in number. First, that more attention should be paid to the training of teachers. As regards our masters he saw little difficulty in providing for the need, and even thought that the larger colleges might establish satisfactory training-schools within their own walls. The chief difficulty would arise in regard to the training of nuns, and the prejudice must be overcome which made Superiors reluctant to place their young subjects under the tuition of members of another Order. It was absolutely necessary in the case of small communities that they should combine together and send their candidates to some such institutions as Cavendish Square, or Mount Pleasant, to which institutions he paid a compliment. These training-colleges should be much more used than they have been so far, and others of a similar kind created, for soon when the Register of Teachers is established it will be indispensable for obtaining admission into it, that some such course of training should have been undergone. Secondly, he thought that grammar-schools—for children whose parents cannot afford the expense of a boarding-school—should be started on a sound footing in the large towns, as they have been with good results in one or two. Soon the County Councils, or their Educational Committees, will be inquiring into the sufficiency of the schools in their district, and will be allocating the funds placed at their disposal for the furtherance of secondary education. Institutions already in existence and with a meritorious record will have an obvious advantage in soliciting this support, and we may add that St. Francis Xavier's at Liverpool is an illustra-

tion of this, for it has already received a valuable recognition from the town authorities.

There is a general feeling among us that, whatever be our personal views about the proper tone and quality of the education needful for our young people, or the training of their teachers, the time has now come for recognizing that we are in the face of facts. The system which is to shape the course of English education during the twentieth century is already determined in its leading features, and we must be content to accept it, and try to meet its requirements. It is a good thing too in itself, and fraught with good to us as much as to our neighbours, though we may have to encounter exceptional difficulties in the stage of its first introduction. Now that we have a definite plan to work on—for it is obvious that Dr. Windle has formulated the only plan which the case permits—it is for all concerned to do their best endeavours for its success. There are doubtless many difficulties in the way, but they are such as we may hope to surmount if only we can bring to the task the same spirit of determination which has created so many Catholic institutions during the last half century. Among these difficulties the greatest of all will be to raise the character of the small day-schools kept by nuns and attended by children of the lower middle class. It might be well if we could close some of our inferior boarding-schools which divide the children with schools of better quality. But it would be more difficult to dispense with our day-schools, which fulfil the same purpose for girls as is fulfilled for boys by the grammar-schools, whose increase is desiderated. And yet the conditions under which they are maintained are by no means favourable to a provision of duly equipped teachers. If they are to endure under the pressure of the coming Act, they should lose no time in combining together and devising schemes for the better education of their own members.

Father Gerard did well to sound a note of warning on the religious question. There is much less reason in the case of Secondary Schools why the Denominational Schools should be handicapped than in the case of Primary Schools; but none the less, the Secularist party are on the alert and are beginning to agitate for a clause in the coming Act which shall forbid all grants of public money to Secondary Schools not conducted on purely Secularist principles. The Congregational and Baptist Unions, as Father Gerard reminds us, have recently passed

resolutions to this effect. It is well that we should meditate what this would mean to us, for it would become increasingly difficult to maintain our own Secondary Schools in the face of competition with so many State supported schools, thus enabled to undersell us; and yet how dire would be the alternative? It is bad enough in a day-school for a Catholic child to receive no religious training that its parents can approve of; it would be far worse in a boarding-school; and much worse again in Secondary than in Primary Schools, seeing that in the former the religious training which is appropriate is more difficult to administer. It is indeed a strange thing that the Nonconformist leaders should still persist in their Secularist policy, now when it is becoming more and more apparent that their own children are the greatest sufferers by the Board School System. For one hears on all sides how difficult it is becoming for the Nonconformists to get their children to the Sunday Schools for that supplementary denominational teaching and training which we were assured such weekly gatherings were fully capable of supplying. Their younger generation are in fact falling out of touch with the chapel and its various agencies and influences, not even the P.S.A.'s, a desperate expedient, availing to attract them back. Their Board School is the centre round which they have learnt to revolve, and if this administers to them periodical doses of undenominational instruction, that surely, they reason, is sufficient for them. What has befallen them is just what we predicted, and it will befall our children too, if we fail to keep up the struggle for a system which is not less able to meet all the State demands in regard to secular education, because it is able also to give that thorough religious, and, in our case, Catholic training which we count to be of still higher importance.

The discussion on Education was followed by one on the *Work of the Laymen in the Mission*, to which essays were contributed by Mgr. Ward and Dr. Williamson. It is a subject which, as we are all aware, has been much in the minds of a few influential people during recent years, and it has now been discussed in four successive Conferences. All are agreed in recognizing the pleasant relations between clergy and laity which are such a striking feature of Catholic life in these islands, but Mgr. Ward's passage on this point deserves to be quoted, if only for the information of Catholics abroad.

When we turn [said Mgr. Ward] to neighbouring countries, some of them professing to be Catholic, and see the wall of separation between

pastor and people, the fact that in some the idea of a priest visiting members of his flock, except in the case of a sick-call, is practically unknown, that in others, when a priest goes to a gentleman's house, he is expected to enter at the back door and keep among the servants; when we see all these things (which are easily found by a little travelling), we feel exceedingly thankful for the state of things which exists in England. With us the people's respect for the priest is undoubted; the clergy know at least a fair portion of their flocks; their relation to their people is such, that those in distress naturally and instinctively turn to their pastors for advice and support; and in their ordinary daily intercourse, the priest and the layman have an almost ideal relation one to the other.

All are agreed also that "a vast amount of active work is done for the cause of religion by our laymen throughout the country." Few missions are without one or more laymen who are rendering valuable aid in carrying on its good works, and in many the number at work and the zeal shown is most consoling to see. If only we could have more, many more, such helpers, especially in the large cities, what a difference it would make in our power to promote the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of our Catholic poor, and to grapple with the perplexing social problems of the age, on which Father Cuthbert rightly laid such stress. While fully recognizing the practical difficulties in the way of many of our laymen and laywomen, through business, home claims, and long distances to travel, let us hope that the continued appeals through Conferences and otherwise, calling attention to the greatness of the need, may at last succeed in arousing a larger spirit of self-sacrifice in those who might help if they would.

The question, however, which was discussed at Newcastle was whether the present government of our missions is not too autocratic, and whether the laity ought not to be recognized as having a right to share with the priest, and in some respect even to supersede the priest, in the administration of their church and its works, particularly of its finances. Abbot Gasquet, in an instructive essay read at the Nottingham Conference three years ago, called attention to the large extent to which the laity of a parish held and exercised such rights in the pre-Reformation Church, and pointed out how the existing administration of an Anglican parish through its vestry and churchwardens is merely the continuance of old Catholic custom. Dr. Williamson usefully supplemented this information by an account of the way in which this system is

at present carried out in a well-managed Anglican parish in which he was at one time a churchwarden. And Mgr. Ward completed the setting forth of the facts of the situation by an historical account of the different phases from squirearchy downwards through which the administration of our English Catholic missions has been evolved into its present form.

It was alleged by those in favour of thus associating the laity with the clergy in the control of their missions, that three important benefits would result. The clergy would be relieved from a heavy care which at present engrosses their minds and incapacitates them from giving proper attention to the purely spiritual work which none can share with them—a situation which Mgr. Ward graphically illustrated in the words of a certain priest attached to a mission of eight thousand souls: "We have to confine ourselves to the absolutely necessary work and leave the rest," which absolutely necessary work he defined as "Church services, sick-calls, and getting up theatricals to raise money." Secondly, the laity would become more interested in their church, its services, and its works, if enabled to participate in its administration through their elected representatives, and as a consequence to know all the facts and figures belonging to it; and as a result they would be prepared to contribute more generously, and so among other things make up to a reasonable figure the priest's stipend, which under the present system is, through the facts being kept so dark from the congregation, often miserably insufficient. A third benefit hinted at was that the laity, being men engaged in secular business, would be able to bring to the task of administration a business capacity which the clergy, not having had this business training, are wont to lack.

These are indeed benefits which all would welcome, if only they could be satisfied that the suggested changes would bring them about. But would they? It was at all events unfortunate that the objections felt by those unfavourable to the scheme were not more fully disclosed. We had, indeed, from His Eminence, who was only able to attend the close of the discussion, a reminder, expressed in terms of humorous exaggeration, that business capacity is not a monopoly of the laity, but is divided out by nature in somewhat equal proportions between them and the clergy. What His Eminence meant, we presume, was to remind the Conference that, whilst on the one hand the record of fifty years of Catholic progress is not

on the whole discreditable to the business capacity of the clergy, on the other it must not be assumed that if in the future the administration of Church funds is to be transferred from the clergy to the laity, the financial result will necessarily be seen in fewer failures and grander successes.

The Bishops of Clifton and Birmingham, too, said a few words of general sympathy with the desire to utilize all the lay co-operation that was practicable, but expressed some diffidence as to the practicability of giving to the laity of our missions the degree of administrative control asked for. On one point especially the latter laid stress. He doubted very much if lay administration would result in increasing the sums collected for church purposes. To collect money was a delicate process, as, particularly with our people, it could not always be judged from the exterior what persons or families were capable of giving. A priest stood to them all, to all at least from whom contributions could be expected, in the relation of a confidant, and they were not indisposed to tell him freely of their domestic anxieties and secrets; but it could not be assumed that they would welcome with equal readiness the visits of a lay collector. Again, they were prepared to look up to their pastor as their leader, and respond to his appeals on behalf of projects for the betterment of his church and its adjuncts; not that they did not feel a strong proprietary interest in these and whatever it might be proposed to do for them, but that it was their pastor rather than another whom they preferred, and, if need be, would elect to represent their interests. The Bishop of Birmingham was thinking obviously of the feelings of our Catholic poor rather than of those higher up in the social scale, but after all it is, with few exceptions, the poor who form the mass, indeed in some cases the entirety, of our congregations.

The opinions of the Bishops are of special value in a matter of which they have such wide experience, but what was desiderated in the discussion was to hear some priests actually engaged in parochial work, and of these, partly through want of time, no one came forward. From private conversation, however, it was clear that many thought any such innovation would be fraught with danger. They fully agreed with the Bishop of Birmingham, that the general feeling of their flocks would be against it, and urged also other reasons why it would not work. They thought the appeal to pre-Reformation precedent was defective in not noticing that the maintenance of the clergy

in old days, when the Church's system could be carried out in its integrity, was by tithes, which did not fall under the administration of the churchwarden and vestry, and that this under present arrangements is the chief charge on the offertories and bench-rents. Should not then the legal principle *accessorium sequitur principale* be held to justify the existing system as in substantial continuity with what prevailed formerly? They noted how on the Continent, where the State has been allowed to appropriate the tithes on condition of paying a fixed income to the incumbents, it is given not unfrequently to use the power thus placed in its hands, in order to put the screw on the Curés, whence the question arose whether something similar in kind, and if on a lesser scale, still serious enough to cause contentions and disunion, might not occasionally result among ourselves from the new scheme. They noted that, even as regards lay administration confined to such matters as it did control in the pre-Reformation Church, before thinking of reviving the ancient system, we should not forget how much more complicated are the conditions of modern life, and how much less conservative (in the sense of *quieta non movere*), how much more restless and subversive of all that is, is the tone and temper of the present age. Dr. Williamson has drawn a picture of parochial administration by Anglican churchwardens at its best, and the picture might prove solidly helpful in some missions. But can it be accepted as fairly representing the average results of the vestry and churchwarden system? What would an average Anglican vicar (fresh perhaps from his Easter Monday experiences), be likely to say about his relations with his vestry and people's churchwarden? Has the average administration of parish funds by parish officers come to be regarded as a pattern for imitation? Or, again, to turn from mediæval Catholic and modern Anglican examples to such modern Catholic examples as are available, it was pointed out that in Germany, and in the German Catholic parishes in the United States, a substantially similar system of lay administration as that now desired among ourselves already prevails, and is by no means liked by the clergy, who frequently complain, especially in the United States, that instead of pastors and fathers, they find themselves reduced by it to the position of much harassed servants of their flock. And then, again, it was pointed out, there was the contingency to be considered of parties forming themselves among the lay administrators, and causing much

strife and division in the parish and uncertainty in the management of its affairs—especially if the lay administrators were to be elected by votes, as the scheme seemed to postulate, amidst party appeals and canvassing. It was not, indeed, to be supposed that these evils would be the rule in missions thus organized, or more than the rare exceptions, the relations between priest and people being usually so cordial and pleasant. But it was held that they might and probably would occur, sooner or later, in some parishes, and that thus the scandal would be great, whilst the means of stopping it would be difficult.

These seemed to be the reasons which chiefly impressed those unfavourable to the desired change, and it is as such that they are here set down. What, however, they directly prove is, at most, that it would be a very dangerous step to introduce a homogeneous system of lay administration at once into all the missions of the kingdom, and this is a point on which all would agree.

If [wrote Mgr. Ward] such organization (of lay work) is to be permanent, it must be a gradual development. The want must be first felt, and then the want supplied with great care, so that, on the one hand, the laity do not undertake more than they can fairly perform, and on the other hand, that suitable control on all ecclesiastical matters be kept in the hands of the clergy. It will have a much better chance of success if the demand for it comes from the clergy who call for help, and I hope and believe that in an increasing number of instances such will be the case.

This is an excellent programme to follow, and renders merely theoretic the further question whether within any measurable distance of time, it will be safe to create a general system of lay management on the Anglican and pre-Reformation type. There can be no peril in a few experiments in favourably circumstanced missions, where the priest is willing and is surrounded by willing and able workers. On the contrary, it is most desirable that there should be such experiments, and that they should be made in a sufficient number and variety of conditions to form a safe basis of induction. An ounce of experiment is worth a ton of theory, and after a few years' study of the former we shall be in a better condition to judge of what is practicable. For this reason the thanks of the Catholic body are due to the two priests, one in the diocese of Birmingham, whose recent loss is deplored, the other in the diocese of Southwark, who have been

trying the new system in their parishes, even going the lengths, we believe, of establishing elected Parish Councils.

Quite apart, too, from this plan of investing with canonical (and legal?) rights parish councils or churchwardens elected by the seat-holders (who, by the way, seldom embrace more than a small proportion of the congregation, and in many churches are not to be found at all), there is the plan according to which suitable laymen are invited by the priest to undertake, alone or together, one or more of the departments of mission work. This seems to suffice as long as the difficulty is to attract rather than to select able and willing helpers; and it has the advantage of being already in existence in many places. But it needs extending and developing, for it is quite true that, in proportion as it prevails in a mission is the spiritual condition of priest and people prosperous. The priest's time is set more free to attend to his directly priestly ministrations, the bonds of affectionate esteem between him and his people are strengthened, and the latter become also more united among themselves, whilst a good example is set to the rising generation. Further, it should be the priest's constant aim and endeavour not only to avail himself as far as possible of the services of such suitable helpers as he finds ready to his hand, but to train up others, especially the young men, to assist or take the place of those already engaged.

There can, moreover, to touch on another point, hardly be two opinions as to its being desirable for a priest to endeavour to publish or otherwise notify to his people, especially to his lay-helpers, the accounts of receipts and expenditure, and as much as possible about sacristy and other possessions and needs; and not only to notify, but also to explain what is necessary to make the statements intelligible. It is said that the congregations will not show interest in such matters, and seldom study the published lists even when placed on the church door. True, but the question is whether they cannot be got to take interest in these matters if a persevering endeavour is made to arouse it, and whether the interest thus aroused would not have a highly beneficial effect.

This article has dwelt longer than was intended on this branch of the Conference discussions, and no space is left to discuss the two able and earnest papers read on the Wednesday morning, Father Cuthbert's paper on the *Religious Aspect of the Social Work*, and Mr. Anstruther's on *Temperance Work*.

Mr. Britten's racy paper on newspaper controversies we must also leave to be, as it well can be, its own recommendation.

We must, however, say at least one word in acknowledgment of the delightful treat Mr. Terry had provided for us as the closing event in the day meetings. His essay was partly practical, partly historical, the former part being devoted to a criticism of our musical shortcomings, the latter tracing the history of the style of music which at present has its chief home in the Anglican Cathedrals. It seems that its origins were Catholic. The age of the Tudors, so remarkable in other ways both for good and bad, was also remarkable for its eminent composers of Church music, who working on themes suggested by the liturgical chants, wrote Masses in a style similar to that of Palestrina, though before his time. Foremost among these when Elizabeth came to the throne were Tallis and Byrd, for whom, as for others of the same school, she provided posts in her Chapel Royal. These men were Catholics, and she was perfectly aware that they intended to remain so; but she was satisfied as long as they did not obtrude their religion too much on her notice, and would give her the benefit of their musical talents. Unfortunately the Injunctions of 1559 prevented them from giving her their best, for these Injunctions forbade all "curious," that is, contrapuntal music, and directed that in the Church services not more than one note should be devoted to one syllable. The musicians complied with the conditions, but they could not be expected to put their heart into such unpromising work, and they sought in other fields scope for the full exercise of their genius. As time, however, went on, the lifeless music which had thus become associated with their services grew distasteful, and a later generation of Anglicans fell back upon the earlier contrapuntal, that is, Catholic, music of these Tudor composers. It was thus that the music now to be heard therein came to take possession of the Anglican Cathedrals. Being thus Catholic in origin, Mr. Terry claimed that this music was ours, and should be recovered for our use. Just here he was perhaps just for a moment unnecessarily controversial. No one will grudge us the right to use this music in our churches if we so desire, nor can it be other than pleasing to us, if what we think good ourselves is thought worthy of use by others.

Mr. Terry did not confine himself to reading, but gave specimens of the music of Byrd and others, which were rendered by

the choir of St. Dominic's Church. This demonstration gave great pleasure, and all were glad to hear that Mr. Terry is to preside over the choir of the new Westminster Cathedral, and use his position to introduce this style of music into London, and introduce it under conditions which will do it justice. How far it will spread from that centre remains to be seen, and on this point opinions were divided. That, however, is a question which may be left to work out its solution for itself. And the same may also be said of the more general question of the character of music appropriate for church use. Hitherto we have had from time to time from the Ancients, if we may so call them, well-meant but ill-advised endeavours to convert the Moderns by newspaper denunciations. We are glad to see that Mr. Terry has pointed out the uselessness and even the harmfulness of this practice. It is not calculated to persuade any one, but very calculated to stiffen the backs of the combatants on either side, and produce a sense of hopelessness in the onlookers. What has always been wanted is just that which is now to be supplied, an object-lesson of what the Ancients recommend, a large church or cathedral in a very central place where the class of music recommended is carried out in the very best style. Mr. Terry may be assured that his work at the Cathedral will be carefully and sympathetically watched.

S. F. S.

One Woman's Work.

CHAPTER X.

NEEDLESS to say Joan's lonely heart warmed to her old cousin, and she took the first opportunity to pay her another visit. This was followed by many more, the pleasure of which was scarcely marred by the necessity of each time obtaining Mrs. Venn's permission. For some occult reason that lady disapproved of the intimacy, and as she could find no adequate reason for withholding her permission, gave it with a chill severity of manner, which made each new request more disagreeable to Joan.

In village lore the immediate application of a dock-leaf is said to cure the sting of a nettle, the supposition being accompanied by a pleasant superstition that in consequence of this curative property nature invariably places the two plants near each other. Joan's intercourse with her old cousin was to her ailments what the dock is supposed to be to the nettle. She had looked forward with dread to the long, lonely summer at Brookethorpe, and had wondered how she would meet its difficulties; when lo, close at hand, as if placed there on purpose, she found this new friendship with one well able to help her.

Their intercourse was intimate, though for a long time the subject nearest to Joan's heart was left untouched. It was natural that the girl should not easily talk about it, and as for Miss Sylvern, though she had heard rumours of her young cousin's rejection of Baldur Roy, she did nothing to invite her confidence. From the little she had heard she judged that Joan had acted rightly, and, that being so, the less said about sacrifice or suffering the better.

This reticence on one subject did not prevent the friendship from being intimate. It was an untold relief to Joan to be able to pour out unrestrainedly her confidences about her uncle's family, and her own experiences in connection with it. Both had the same tenderly appreciative pity for Mr. Venn,

and could together extol his virtues and deplore his weakness, Joan being able to afford illustrations of both qualities about which Miss Sylvern was quite ignorant. It was a novel and delightful experience to Joan to be scolded lovingly by her old cousin when her tongue ran away with her, and she said things about Mrs. Venn which the old lady considered better left unsaid. They could discuss Magdalen's cranks and corners without any fear of want of charity, and, in the same way, Joan could fearlessly make known her half-formed suspicions about Freda's spiritual state. They could mourn together and try to comfort each other about poor Edith; and could laugh together as heartily as if fifty years did not lie between them over the experiences connected with Maud's engagement.

But as they grew to be better acquainted, something told Miss Sylvern that Joan was not altogether happy, and she could not account for the fact of the present loneliness of the girl's life at home. It is true that she made a guess at the cause of the troubled look which at times clouded her cousin's brow; but the very surmise filled her own mind with perplexity. Supposing, she argued, that her information about the affair with Baldur Roy were correct, she could not understand Joan's expression of pain. Hers, she felt sure, was not a nature which would cry for the moon or wish a good action undone; so, said the old lady to herself, with the experience of over seventy years behind her, where then was the cause of Joan's suffering?

While Miss Sylvern was speculating as to what ailed her dear young cousin, Joan was wondering whether she could bring herself to open her heart to her old friend; for Cousin Monica was doubly right: the girl was not happy, nor was her distress of mind by any means the result of self-pity.

Calm reason, when called to her aid, invariably told Joan that she could not have acted about Baldur differently from what she had done; and yet with annoying persistency the question forced itself on her mind: Who was she that she could not do what others had done without sin? Solitude and unavoidable introspection made it impossible to discard, even if she could not answer, the question which sounded in her heart. Again and again there rose to her mind instances that she had heard of marriages such as she had rejected as impossible, which nevertheless—so she was told—had been apparently blessed by Heaven; where promises had been loyally kept, children reared in the faith, and, better still, where

the non-Catholic had been brought into the one fold by means of the Catholic. Again and again did she, in solitude of heart, ask herself whether, from sheer wilfulness and self-dependence, she had not cast from her the good things which God had intended her to have, and—what was of more importance—the still better things which He had intended Baldur to have through her instrumentality. Possibly, she told herself, the dreary, objectless form her life was taking was nothing but the obvious penalty of insisting on going her own way. Cousin Monica's discourse on matrimony the first day of their acquaintance had accentuated this gnawing uncertainty of mind, and ever since then she had been trying to make up her mind to open her heart to her old friend, and see whether Miss Sylvern could throw any light on the subject which would separate true from false, and reality from morbidity.

"Are you quite happy, child?" said Miss Sylvern, suddenly, one day when she and her young cousin had been chatting.

"No," replied Joan, abruptly.

"Why?" was Monica's equally abrupt question.

"I hardly know how to tell you," replied the girl; "for I am uncertain whether you know anything at all about what happened last autumn, between Baldur Roy and me."

"Your uncle told me a little, just a little. Tell me about it, child, or would you rather I told you what I know, and put my own interpretations on it? Will that make it easier?"

"Do, Cousin Monica," said Joan, flushing. She had kept her secret so entirely to herself that the thought of sharing it with any one made her feel hot. Yet she knew it would be better to talk about it.

"Well," Miss Sylvern went on, "as I read the story, it is this. You made great friends with one who, though outside the Church, is praised by all who know him—a man unusually high-minded, tender-hearted and unselfish, one who, in a word, was leading as beautiful a life as a man can without the light of the true faith, or the grace of the sacraments. Of him—from all I have heard—it might be said in the words of Ecclesiasticus, "He could have transgressed and hath not transgressed, and could do evil things and hath not done them." Well, if all this were the case, it was enough to make you care for him, though I rather suspect that it was only when he told you of his love that you found out that you had almost, if not quite, given your heart to him. And yet you, being what you

are, being the Joan I have grown to know and love, you could never, never have married him."

"O Cousin Monica," cried Joan, "how good of you to put it all like that for me."

"But, my dear child, it was the fact, was it not? You know you could not have married him. You know you acted rightly; you would not for worlds recall your action in the matter, and yet you are sad. This puzzles me, for I do not think it is in my Joan to cry over spilt milk."

"Ah, Cousin Monica," replied the girl, "it is because I sometimes have a horrid feeling that I did not act rightly that I am sad, or, rather, worried. At the time I had no doubt. When I refused him I felt that I *could not*—for it was not even *would not*—link my life with one who, however naturally good, was not a Catholic. But——"

"And you were right, child," interrupted Miss Sylvern.

"But was I? Now do not scold or marvel at me. Let me talk it all out just as I sometimes feel it. Others, far better than I, have made mixed marriages—I mean of the right sort—and they have been blessed."

"Have they?" remarked Miss Sylvern, drily.

"Well, anyhow, apparently blessed. And at times I am inclined to ask myself, who am I to raise an unauthorized standard, and condemn what has not been condemned."

"I don't know that it has not been condemned, though it is suffered for our infirmity."

"Well, put it like that, if you prefer it, and let me ask myself who am I to exclude myself from among the lawfully infirm?"

"There must be sound as well as sick in the Church, child, and why should you not be one of the sound?"

"But it is not on my own account that I suffer," continued Joan, stroking her old cousin's hand in response to the last remark; "and there is the kernel of the whole perplexity. I don't mind anything much for myself. I suppose it is because I was brought up in the midst of such real privations, that I have a stoical way of regarding any suffering which affects only myself. At times I almost like it, and I could quite rejoice when any ties to life are snapped; for the less we have to care for the less dread we have of loss."

"Take care, Joan, take care. I am not at all sure that I like such sentiments."

"Well," replied the girl, with a genuine laugh at herself, "I dare say it is foolish talk. But I do really, honestly, and truthfully mean that it is not for myself that I suffer. But, O Cousin Monica, I do mind having spoilt Baldur's life, supposing it was not necessary."

"What do you mean by spoiling his life?"

"I mean that he, being so good, and so simple in his goodness, may have become embittered both by my refusal and still more by my reasons."

"He very likely felt bitter, child, but it was none of your doing."

"And more than that," pursued Joan, "perhaps I was not meant to cast him off. Perhaps his love for me, a Catholic, was the one chance given him; and had I not refused him it might have been the means of his conversion. Perhaps it was only my self-will and self-conceit which spoilt what was meant—meant by God I mean—to be his salvation."

"It seems to me, my Joan," said the old lady, stroking the girl's hair as she sat at her feet, "that you are very busy weaving nets and catching yourself in them."

"But, how if this should not be morbidity, but real common sense?"

"The fact is," said Miss Sylvern, adhering rigidly to her own point of view, "you have been thrown too much alone, and have had to bear all this trouble on your young shoulders unaided, so I must not be surprised if you take a crooked view. Otherwise I should be very much inclined to scold you."

"But," persisted Joan, "do try to suppose that what I say is true, and that a marriage with me was the way intended to lead him into the Church. You cannot deny that such a thing has sometimes been the result of a mixed marriage."

"I know it has, child, though often too late to undo the evil effects, anyhow on the children. One such exception does more harm than all the censures of the Church do good, and I do not mind who hears me say so! But, my dear child, I do not believe that Baldur Roy would have ever proved one of those dreadful exceptions. A reprobate, or a man with no thought of religion, would be more easily converted by contact with a higher standard, hitherto unknown to him. But from all I hear of Mr. Roy, he is naturally good, and has a standard of his own, high enough to satisfy him to the end. The outside you could hope for in his case from marriage with a Catholic would be

the gradual destruction of prejudice and a chivalrous admiration for the faith of one whom he held dear. Oh, Joan, Joan, you did well to refuse him. Life for you and your children would have been beset with difficulties too great with such a man as husband and father. I do not know what effect it might have had eventually on you, but God help your children! It would be a miracle if they did not forget the supernatural side of life altogether."

"Cousin Monica, you do not know what comfort it gives me to hear that you really think I did right—but—still—was it right for him?"

"My dear child, you provoke me past bearing! If you had acted against what you considered right, or, in other words, did what you considered wrong, how could you expect it to be blessed to him or any one else? But I will say more, child, though you must not forget I am a foolish old woman whose wish is often father to her thought. In my opinion the line you took was the very wisest you could have taken for the sake of Baldur's soul alone, and the only line which may possibly lead to his conversion."

"How?" gasped Joan. "I think it will have made him detest the very name of the Catholic faith. He said more cruel things about it after I had refused him than he ever said before."

"Oh yes, no doubt he will have been upset for a time, and possibly—for, remember, I speak without knowing him—disappointment may have done him harm for a time, and made him more liable to temptation than ever before in his life. Though for the matter of that I am not sure whether the humiliation of downright, vulgar sin might not be the very best thing for him by setting him down off his pedestal."

"Oh, Cousin Monica!"

"Well, well, do not forget I am only a foolish old woman. At any rate you may be sure he left you positively detesting the Church, and what he will have called her narrowness, and the warping effects of her teaching, and her unwarrantable human interference between him and you—and all the other nonsense that people say and think."

"Yes, I am afraid of that. He is sure to have seen everything in a wrong light."

"Nevertheless, you did the best thing for him. If anything is to upset his absolute confidence in his own conclusions it will

be a good shake. Well, you gave him a shake. He found your convictions too strong, and beat against them as he would, strong they remained—stronger than the human affection which he could not have been stupid enough not to find out you bore him. The time may come, child, after the first soreness of heart is over, when he will begin to wonder what it was that made you so strong against him. Now, if a man such as I believe Baldur Roy to be reaches the position of honest inquiry, I should say that the battle is partly won; and if only he goes further, and admits that what he would call your side might possibly be true, and, better still, if he will try to put himself in your place and try to imagine it to be true, well, child, I should say that God Almighty was very near winning the victory. And you have strong weapons on your side, Joan," the old lady added, smiling, "for I suppose he is very much in love with you, and from time immemorial men will do wise things and foolish things for the sake of love, which they would never think of doing at other times. So, after all, child, instead of shutting him out of the Church by your rejection of him, it may be the appointed way in. To you and me, who know the faith to be true, it is quite immaterial by what door a person finds his way into the Church, provided he does come in."

"Dear, dear Cousin Monica," cried Joan, rising from her place on the floor, "you cannot think what good you have done me. Good-night. I must run the whole way home, for I am terribly late. However, I do not mind sour looks or anything now."

Under the influence of her intercourse with an invalid old woman whom many might, with Bertha, have found insufferably dull, Joan brightened up, and became young again. Her sense of duty became less grim, and she lost the troubled look which had clouded her brow; and by the time the year was drawing to its close she was a happy, a really happy girl once more.

CHAPTER XI.

It was more than a year since Joan had seen Swithin, delay after delay having postponed his return home. Just when his family made sure that he was coming from Glasgow for a few weeks' holiday, he was, much to his own delight, sent over to Havre on what he, at any rate, considered a most important

mission. There he had been ever since. Now, however, he wrote from London, whither he had returned from France, that he expected positively to arrive in a few days at Brookethorpe, for a good long holiday.

It was in December, and the day fixed for Swithin's arrival had actually come; and as no message had been received to say that his visit was put off, Joan allowed herself to believe that at last—after her many disappointments—he would really come. She was quite surprised to find how wrapped up her heart was in her brother Swithin—for thus she regarded him. Much as she had enjoyed her intercourse with her old cousin Monica, she craved for the companionship of one young like herself, and where could she find it under a pleasanter form than in that of the devoted and loyal Swithin?

He could not arrive at Brookethorpe till about nine in the evening, and so great was Joan's state of excitement at the prospect of seeing him that she found the day most difficult to get through. She walked about the park in an eager state, exhilarated by the bright keenness of the air, and the hoar-frost which crackled beneath her feet, and made every twig and blade beautiful. But hours had still to be passed through after the red sun and its accompanying glory had disappeared, leaving a chill damp gloom behind it. Never had she found an evening so long, for it seemed to be possessed of really elastic properties.

She felt annoyed almost beyond control by the unmoved and passive demeanour of all the other members of the family. In fact when, after they had left the dining-room, the door bell clanged, Freda and Bertha started up with astonishment, as if they only then realized that their brother was coming. Magdalen would, of course, have proved a refreshing exception to this indifference, but her bed-time was fixed at the early hour of eight, for, being so much younger than her sisters, her mother and all others concerned forgot her advance in years. For a fortnight she had been living on the expectation of seeing Swithin, but she was too reserved, and too sensitively afraid of a rebuff, to ask if she might sit up to receive him.

When her cousin entered the room, Joan could see the strides he had made in manhood, and that, having fined down, he was better-looking than he had been. Nevertheless, his method of greeting the various members of the family showed that in essentials he was but little changed. Joan was however pleased

to see the unusual warmth which he managed to put into his greeting of his father, and was equally observant of the sensitive shrinking with which he received his mother's very cold welcome, though he swallowed down his vexation bravely.

At the moment that he turned towards Joan—for whom he had reserved his last greeting, as a child reserves his tit-bit at dinner—there was another interruption far more startling in its effects than Swithin's return home. The door opened noiselessly, and a very tall powdered footman—the fourth who had filled the post in the course of a twelvemonth—glided like an automaton across the velvet pile carpet, bearing on a salver a yellow envelope, which he presented to his mistress with the needless information that it was a telegram, and that the boy was waiting to see if there were an answer. He spoke in an expressionless, mechanical manner which imprinted itself on Joan's memory as part of the horror of the evening.

Telegrams did not often arrive at Brookethorpe, and each member of the family felt a nameless uneasiness as Mrs. Venn took it carelessly from the tray, and opened the yellow cover in the middle of a remark to Bertha. She gave a fixed glance of horror at the words before her, and then fell back in her chair with a sort of gurgle, while she flushed to such an awful purple that all present started forward, thinking she was in a fit. Freda seized the telegram which had fluttered on to the floor.

"Nevile!" she cried, reading it as she handed it to her father. "It is Nevile—dying and asking for mama to go at once. Baldur Roy sends it—let me see where from—from Florence."

Thus she rapidly conveyed the substance of the message to the rest of the party, while Mr. Venn held the paper in his trembling hand, neither reading it himself nor letting any one else read it. Swithin walked across the room and took it from him, while Freda knelt by the side of her mother, who seemed to be recovering from the first effects of the shock.

"Oh, my boy, my Nevile," the poor woman moaned, with a depth of emotion which not one in that room had ever before witnessed in her, and which made Joan's heart yearn towards her. It was the first time since she had lived with the Venns that she had heard her aunt pronounce her eldest son's name. "Oh," she went on, "I must go to him. I *must* go. Oh, what shall I do?" With dilated eyes and helpless gestures, the

masterful woman who held such sway over her family, turned from one to the other for advice.

They crowded round her, all, with one exception, as helpless as herself. Swithin, after mastering the contents of the telegram, had gone into the next room, and returned with an open Bradshaw in his hand. "See here, mother," said he, standing beside her, "there is a train a little before midnight, which will get us to London in plenty of time to catch the boat train in the morning."

"Us?" she asked, turning to her son with a dazed expression.

"Yes," replied Swithin, "for I shall go with you."

"You? Oh, never! never!" his mother cried, with all the animal passion in her nature asserting itself. As she turned on him there was something of the wild beast in her manner from which even Bertha shrank. The juxtaposition of her two sons—Nevile and Swithin—fanned her smothered dislike of the younger into a flame. "You shall never go with me," she continued, excitedly. "I will rather walk barefoot; but I will not, and cannot have you. Oh, my Nevile—my boy—my own."

Swithin flushed crimson, but he bit his lip and resumed, though all who heard him could detect the tremble in his voice. "You cannot go alone, mother," he said; "you know that perfectly well; and I am the only one fit to go with you."

"You?" replied the angry woman, changing her tactics, and speaking with unutterable scorn. "And who, pray, shall I take to look after you? You look after me? I should think that Magdalen or one of your own dogs would be better able to do so."

Human nature prevailed, and, closing the time-table with a snap, Swithin began to walk away to restore it to its place; but once more he returned bravely to the charge.

"It is my place to go with you, mother," he said, firmly; "but if you wish it I will, when we get to London, go to one of the tourist offices and engage a courier. There will be just time. I cannot let you go alone, but I will not be in your way either on the journey or at Florence."

Mrs. Venn glared savagely at her son, but by this time her common-sense was asserting itself, for she no longer made resistance, and took refuge in a sense of grievance.

"As you will," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Of course I cannot stop you if you will go; for you never did pay any attention to my wishes. Oh, Nevile, my Nevile," she went on, moaning and rocking herself to and fro with a movement which made her and every other suffering woman kin. She then gave way to an uncontrollable burst of weeping which awed her family, and then left the room.

"I say, Freda," said her brother, who seemed to take command of the situation, "go and see that Murray puts up whatever things my mother must take, into as small a box as she will condescend to use. Luckily my things are not unpacked."

Poor Mr. Venn who had stood by a silent, distressed, and helpless spectator, now came near and, reaching his arm round his tall son's neck, said:

"God bless you, Swithin. What should we have done without you? I should have been of no use, for I am such a very bad traveller. And, my boy," he added nervously, the habit of years regaining the upper hand, "you will do what you can for your brother's soul, will you not?"

"Rather!" replied Swithin, with a schoolboy grin, for a general sense of discomfort made him also retrograde in manner. He felt very nervous about the whole business, and, in spite of the brave front he put on, he dreaded the journey more than he could say. "Come, Joan," he went on, turning to his cousin with a sense of relief, "come and help me to get some food down my throat. I felt nearly starved when I arrived, but this business has put it out of my head. Come!" So saying, he drew her out of the room.

"Rather a short bit of home, isn't it?" he said ruefully, after he had seated himself before the spread table and dismissed the servants. "But it was right, wasn't it?"

"Oh, quite, quite," she replied at once.

"You see, Jo, useless as I am, I am the only one who could go; and it is not only mother who has to be thought of. You see there *ought* to be some Catholic with Nevile, supposing, that is to say, we find the poor old chap alive. But do you know," he went on, "I think it is awfully lucky old Baldur is with him. He is not like some Protestants, as I dare say you have found out; and if Nevile is inclined to come right he is sure not to stand in the way, and might help him to get hold of a priest; if Nevile asks for one, that is to say, for of course it would not be his line to suggest sending for one."

Joan could not help wincing under this free and easy mention of Baldur, whose name had for so many months been banished from general conversation. None but Swithin could have talked so unconstrainedly, for he alone was happily unconscious of anything that had passed between his friend and Joan. There was something inexpressibly sweet in her reunion with this man by means of electricity, something which shattered her brave resolutions of putting all thought of him behind her. However, there was too much to think about just then to allow more than a passing glance at her own affairs, and she started up from a short reverie to find Swithin still talking, and sublimely unconscious of her passing inattention.

"I do hope," he was saying, "that I shall not make a mess of the whole thing. You must help me, Jo, and pull the wires at this end. You know what I mean. Poor old Nevile, I have always had an idea that he will come right in the end. I have heard that he was such a religious little boy before he went to school, and I believe that sort of thing often comes back when death is staring you in the face. All the same," he went on, talking and eating together as fast as he could, under the influence of excitement, "all the same, I do wish he could make up his mind to come straight before mother is with him. I am afraid she will not help him to come round, rather the contrary, if anything; and she is sure, for all reasons, to do what she can to keep me away from him."

"You must do all you can," was the only comfort Joan could give him. "You cannot do more than that; and it is my conviction that you will do a great deal." She spoke from her heart; for dearly as she had always loved her cousin she knew that she had never yet appreciated him at his full value.

"Well, now for Baby!" said Swithin, rising to his feet and saying his grace. To do this, or at any rate to do it openly, was, as Joan remarked to herself, a new habit with him, for the profession of his faith had never carried him so far as to make the sign of the Cross at a table where it was discountenanced, and where all the children were, one by one, told sharply to give up the practice as soon as they were promoted from the nursery to join the family meal. Even Mr. Venn made the sign of the Cross under his napkin, or contrived to mix it up with his waistcoat button.

"Now for Baby! I cannot go away without seeing her. Not all the Mademoiselles or Murrays in the world shall stop me." So saying he strode upstairs, taking three steps at a time.

Magdalen had lain awake, keeping her eyes open with heroic fortitude, having a hope she would have confided to no one that he would come up and see her after his supper. She knew nothing of what was taking place downstairs, and, as the big clock outside struck quarter after quarter-hour without his appearing, sleep surprised her on the watch. When Swithin crept softly into her room she lay back on her pillow with arms outstretched, and when he bent down and kissed her gently, she folded them round his neck as a matter of course and pretended to herself that she had not been asleep.

They remained thus for some moments, the little white-robed girl clasped in her big brother's travel-stained arms. His thoughts were full of grave cares, but, more for his dear little sister's sake than his own, he asked her many questions about his dogs and other treasures left in her keeping; and she, with eyes scarce open and a flush of joy on her pale cheeks, gave him a regular chronicle of events. Then in very few words he told her about Nevile, and about the journey to him that he was about to take. With a "Pray for Nevile, Baby, and pray for me," he kissed her and walked on tip-toe out of the room. Magdalen sank back on her bed, and had to ask herself twice next morning whether Swithin's visit had been only a dream.

CHAPTER XII.

BALDUR had sent the telegram; therefore he was no longer among the tropical wilds of South America, where we left him a twelvemonth before. For weeks he had wandered about in search—or so he told his guides—of sport. But as soon as they had with toil and difficulty taken him to the haunts of some particular quarry he had mentioned, he tired of his object, and bade them lead him elsewhere. With wonderful patience, they took him from place to place, till they marvelled between themselves and expressed a muttered conviction that the English *señor* was mad.

Perhaps they were not very far wrong, and that there was something insane in his delusion that by traversing the South American continent, or even by treading every square mile of the two worlds, he could find rest and satisfaction for his soul. It was no vain longing for Joan's love which drove him about thus restlessly. He had faced his loss with all his manhood,

and had reached far beyond the state of being crushed by the blow ; indeed, in the pride of his resolve to be healed, he would have scarcely admitted that he felt even bruised by it. But something, some new, undefinable element had entered into his being, some vague discontent for which he vainly sought a remedy. He had traversed the ocean in search of a cure for his disease, but as he dwelt alone with the tropical creation, he realized that the medicine he had come so far to seek was of no use at all.

Baldur was not, as he had told Joan, one of those who can live without God ; and in his many wanderings to and fro about the world, it had always been his one joy to seek and find Him, such as He was according to his own imagination. With undefined pantheism he sought God in His creation, and, provided that he could get out of the way of the world's din and dispose his soul to listen, he had hitherto found Him everywhere. At such times his soul had been filled with an awesome joy, often felt by others like himself who—spending their lives in thirsty search for that which, did they but know it, lies within their very reach—seem at moments to catch a sensible glimpse of everlasting light, and hear the voice of Him for whom they seek.

This time Baldur had come a long way, and was exposing the lives of himself and his companions to many perils in search of his God ; yet he found Him not. Nowhere perhaps in the wide world could he have lighted on greater or more beautiful solitude than where he now was ; yet he listened in vain for the Divine whisper. The Lord was not in the wind, He was not in the earthquake, nor did He speak in the gentle air, let Baldur strain his soul ever so much to listen. Yet his yearning increased. He had a vague, thirsty conviction that He must be somewhere. For the moment it was almost as if he believed in two Gods—the great God of nature whom he vainly sought and could not find, and another, who was somewhere or other, to whom, if he could only find Him, he might be able to speak, and think and do in His presence. Yet the idea was so fugitive, that the very instant it flashed across his mind it was gone again, and his brain reeled with the effort to recall the thought, or even remember what it had been like.

Under these circumstances solitude was horrible to him, being but typical of the greater solitude within. He had never before realized what it meant to be enveloped, surrounded by an awful emptiness. Past, present and future, the outside world and his own soul, all was equally void. He did not understand

that he had dethroned his God, and had set up no other in His place, so that life was indeed empty. He continued to clutch after what used to supply the higher cravings of his nature, but when he thought he had found God, and would have fain worshipped in his own sense of the word by lifting up his heart, he turned away with a sense of nausea, for, faugh, it was as if he were worshipping himself! Thus it was that in his search for relief he wore out his guides with wandering. He was always seeking, but never finding: yet he felt sure that what he sought was to be found somewhere.

Under the effects of this awful solitude Baldur's nerves grew depressed, and he who—even when life possessed most charms for him—had not known what fear of death meant, now found himself clinging to life with the anxiousness of a sybarite. When tropical storms rolled around him, and he saw the monarchs of the forest scathed with lightning, he who of old would have seen God in the storm and raised his voice exultingly in a pæan of victory, now shuddered with fear and thought of the possibility of being himself shrivelled up by the next flash. The solitude of life was bad enough, but what was it compared with the solitude of death?

One day when he was lying asleep unarmed, for his rifle rested against a tree a few yards away, he woke to see a jaguar stretched along a branch over his head, looking at him with tail oscillating and body swaying ready for a leap. Baldur lay motionless—for to move would have only precipitated matters—gazing at the animal and waiting for its spring. That fatal spring, however, never came, for a bullet fired by one of the faithful Gaucho guides pierced the brute's heart before it could leap.

In those few moments Baldur looked over the edge of the abyss of futurity, and for days he was haunted by real fear, a shivering, cringing, unmanly fear, which he felt must be written on his outward man, to be read there by his companions. His profound contempt for himself, added to the futility of all his efforts to regain his courage, came nearer to what Joan had called grovelling than anything he had before experienced. His fear had been neither of the struggle, nor of the horrible mode of death, but of death itself. In the storm he had cringed before the prospect of the nothingness which would follow the destruction of his body, but this time his fear was of something more definite. It was something which might follow death which filled him with dismay, and an overwhelming sense

of unworthiness, a sense, in fact, of what Christian children are taught to call sin even before they have felt the breath of contact with it.

When the danger was over, the fear he had experienced remained as a fact, which he could never more ignore. There was something exterior and objective in the world unseen before which or whom he had felt fear, and with whom he had to do. Words of Joan's came back to his mind, and the memory of her faith in something or somebody outside herself which influenced her more strongly than did human love, struck him now in an altogether new way. That idea of a God towards whom he might feel responsible, which he had been trying to grasp as a child tries to grasp a shadow, acquired an outline which it had not possessed before. Henceforward he sought with a more definite object in view, though it was long before he found what he sought and could call it by the name of God—a personal God before whom he walked, and with whom he had to do.

Real terror of his own thoughts turned his heart towards the civilized world and communion with his fellow-creatures; and soon the longing became as uncontrollable as that which moves the thirsty traveller to leave the desert across which his road takes him, to seek the oasis where he knows he will find springs of water. Once Baldur's longing for the society of man took the form of a resolve, he turned his face towards the east, with new life and energy born in him by the prospect of deliverance from the ghastly solitude. He scarcely recked anything of the days of weary travel through trackless forests, which tried the strength of even the trained Gaucho guides.

He had no thought of lingering among the wicked cities of South America. His lonely heart turned further east, not towards England, whose soil he still feared to tread, but towards homely villages in Spain or Italy, peopled with kindly human beings with whom he could mix. He knew them well, and his mind was stored with memories of days spent in such places, with their innocent, mirthful people, with the music of their church bells, and the dim little wayside chapels with their solitary lamps and fitful flow of worshippers. Thither his heart led him, and thus it came about that during the autumn when he was the subject of conversation between Joan and her old Cousin Monica, Baldur was wandering about Central Italy, and able to send the telegram which fell like a thunderbolt on the party at Brookethorpe.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

King Alfred the Idolater.

IT will be matter of sincere regret to many Catholics that the close of the Parliamentary Session has left the question of the King's Protestant Declaration exactly where it found it. If the British Empire by some untoward accident were once more, *absit omen*, to be bereaved of its Sovereign, the heir to the throne would still find himself confronted by the alternative of either denouncing the Mass as an idolatrous rite, or of forfeiting his succession to the Crown. The irony of the situation should be brought home, one would think, to our Anglican friends by the enthusiastic, the almost extravagant eulogies which during the last few weeks have been lavished upon King Alfred. If the English people wish to erect a monument to the hero whom scholars and politicians of every shade have been unanimous in acclaiming, they cannot surely do so more appropriately than by abolishing the Declaration which makes every Sovereign at his accession denounce that monarch, "the highest type of kingship and the highest type of Englishman," to use Lord Rosebery's phrase, as an idolater and a fosterer of superstition. In the course of his eloquent speech at Winchester, Lord Rosebery called up a striking picture of the Saxon King brought back after a thousand years to the new London as we see it, and visiting "the palace where the descendants of his Witan conduct a system of government which, remote indeed from perfection, is the parent of most Constitutions in the civilized world." It was well that the orator passed rapidly on, for surely the first words which fall from the Sovereign's royal lips within those walls are not such as to pleasure Alfred the King, or to win favour with the well-beloved band of friends whom he specifies as "Plegmund my Archbishop, and Asser my Bishop, and Grimbold my Mass-priest, and John my Mass-priest."¹ "Daily heard he Mass," wrote the faithful Asser, and

¹ King Alfred's Preface to his translation of Pope Gregory's book, *On the Pastoral Care*.

as the indisputable evidence of written documents proves, the Mass he heard was in its essential parts word for word the same with that found, three hundred years before, in the Mass-book of Pope Gregory, the true Father in God of all the Angle kin—word for word the same with that which is still heard, a thousand years afterwards, in the same Latin tongue at every Catholic altar to-day. Whatever may be argued about the doctrine of Transubstantiation in the Anglo-Saxon Church, every honest reader of past history knows in his heart that such words as those of the Protestant Oath, both in sound and in sense would have been held rank blasphemy by the good King and all his faithful followers. With or without philosophical terminology they believed that in the Mass that which before was bread was changed into the Body and Blood of Christ.¹ Sooner would they have been hacked in pieces than seem by rude and injurious words to express a doubt of that mystery which for them was the central point of all their public worship.

It is hard to believe in the good faith of some of the writers who have written on the Alfred celebration from an Evangelical standpoint. "The word *Mass* in those days," says one such,² with an assurance which can only be characterized as brazen, "appears to have been the equivalent of our word service, or worship; it had not the restricted meaning it has now." Two hundred years earlier than Alfred's day we have abundant evidence that the word *missa* was used in England commonly, if not exclusively, of the liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice, just as it is used at present. No one surely who knows how fully organized in Gregory's time was the rite of the Eucharistic oblation offered for the dead, whether at the time of interment or afterwards, can pretend to misunderstand the chapter, *De Missa Defunctorum*, in the Penitential of Theodore, A.D. 690.³ To take but one of the many ordinances it contains, we meet such a clause as the following:

On the first, the third, the ninth, and also the thirtieth day, let Mass be celebrated for them [*i.e.*, monks recently deceased], and furthermore let this be observed after a year be passed, if it be wished.

¹ "Panis et vini creatura in sacramentum carnis et sanguinis ejus ineffabili spiritus sanctificatione transfertur." (Bede, *Hom. in Epiph.* p. 175.) See other examples in Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church* and Bridgett's *History of the Eucharist*.

² J. Hunt Cooke, *Life of King Alfred the Great*.

³ Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, iii. 174.

So in the next century we find the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cuthbert, in correspondence with his fellow-Englishman, St. Lullus of Mainz, about Masses said for the dead,¹ and numbering the Masses so to be said by fifties and hundreds at a time. It is as though Providence had ruled that in England more than in any country in Europe we should have abundant evidence from the earliest ages of just those "Sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain and guilt," which were afterwards denounced in the Thirty-Nine Articles as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." And King Alfred coming on the scene a hundred years later was entirely steeped in the devotional conceptions of that earlier age. Alike in the *Ecclesiastical History* of Bede and in the *Dialogues* of St. Gregory we have stories of the miraculous efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, whether offered for the dead or for those still living.² The work of Bede was translated by Alfred into the vulgar tongue with his own hand. That of St. Gregory he caused to be translated by another, but sent it abroad with a Preface written by himself respectfully commending the work and its author.³ With the broad ideas Alfred held about the functions of a translator, he would certainly have made no scruple of omitting such a story as that of the prisoner whose chains fell off as often as Mass was said for him, had he in any way disapproved of it; but the whole of Bede's rather tedious narrative is faithfully reproduced in Alfred's version.

But to return to the Winchester celebration. The Church of England is nothing if not comprehensive, and it was perhaps to be expected that the Episcopate, having dutifully stood by at Westminster to hear King Edward anathematize the Mass and the Invocation of Saints, should muster in force at the commemoration of King Alfred, and should do justice to the occasion in a special prayer, using such words as these:

O Lord, by whom alone kings reign, &c., . . . we give thanks to Thee this day for the life of *Thy servant* Alfred, our King. We thank

¹ See an article in THE MONTH, Nov. 1896, on "Prayer for the Dead."

² See, e.g., Bede's *Hist. Eccles.* iv. 20, a long chapter concerning a certain captive whose chains fell off as often as Mass was said for him, and v. 14; St. Gregory, *Dialogues*, bk. iv. chs. 55, 56, 57, 58, &c.

³ This Anglo-Saxon version of the *Dialogues* has never been printed, but Alfred's short Preface to it has often been extracted, e.g., by Pauli, *König Ælfred*, p. 318.

Thee for the spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and strength, which Thou gavest to him, and for the fruit which hath followed in many lands from his labours *in Thy faith and fear, &c.*

Either the Mass is an act of idolatry or it is not. If it be, how can the Anglican Episcopate solemnly take it upon themselves to address the Almighty in commendation of one who daily took part in what they believe to be an idolatrous rite? Or if idolatry is to be condoned on the plea of good intentions, is there anything in the world to restrain the Church of England, on merely logical grounds, from holding a grand thanksgiving service at St. Paul's at the next centenary of Mahomet, or from transferring the statue of Buddha from the Indian Museum at South Kensington to a conspicuous place of honour in the rearedos of Westminster Abbey?

One other feature in the Winchester celebration may claim a word of comment. It is a most praiseworthy feeling in those who are called to the married state, that they should wish the partners of their lives to be partakers alike in their interests, their joys, and their sorrows. We cannot do otherwise than congratulate the favoured guests, when we read that at the luncheon in the afternoon ladies were not excluded, and that while Lord Rosebery sat on the right of the Most Worshipful the Mayor, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple supported him on the left. Still, if the spirit of Alfred, the Truth-teller, whom Lord Rosebery had evoked in his morning's speech, had been permitted to linger yet awhile and to assist at the festivities of the luncheon, we should be curious to know what confidences he might have whispered in the ear of "Plegmund his Archbishop, or Asser his Bishop," regarding the scene before them. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* Perhaps disembodied spirits take broader and more indulgent views of the changes which time brings in its train than we poor mortals who live in bodies of clay; but as far as our limited perception can reach, we fancy that Alfred's feelings at the Winchester luncheon would be not inaptly likened to those we might attribute to our good Queen Victoria, if on returning to earth for *her* millenary she should find the then Archbishop of Canterbury who conducted the memorial service, the happy husband of more wives than one. The distance from Alfred to a married Episcopate, seems to us to be quite as far a cry as from Queen Victoria to the manners of the patriarchs.

HERBERT THURSTON.

The Beginnings of the Jubilee Indulgence.

So many are the instances in which the pious legends of an earlier age have been sadly shaken by modern criticism, that one is glad occasionally to draw attention to a case in which the progress of research has had an opposite tendency, and has vindicated a tradition suspected without just cause. There has always been a certain mystery surrounding the origin of the *Anno Santo* or great Jubilee, first proclaimed, so far as our records have hitherto enabled us to ascertain, by Pope Boniface VIII., in the year 1300. The mystery arises from the fact that when at the beginning of the secular year 1300, crowds of pilgrims began to flock to Rome, the pilgrims, as we are told on credible authority, declared that the tradition of such a Jubilee Indulgence in the hundredth year had been handed down to them from their fathers, and some very aged men even averred that they remembered in their early youth the journey of their parents to the City for this purpose. All this sounds very incredible, the more so that it is frankly avowed by Cardinal Stefaneschi, a contemporary, in his account of the Jubilee, that the Pope having caused careful search to be made, was unable to discover any documentary evidence of a previous celebration, a fact which he accounted for by the imperfect state of the archives due to the political disturbances of those troubled times. None the less, in the Jubilee Bull of 1300, *Antiquorum fida relatio*, Boniface VIII. stated in general terms, that in proclaiming this Indulgence, he was acting upon the faithful report of earlier ages, an announcement which most writers on the subject, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have hitherto been content to regard as a mere *façon de parler* without historical foundation. Strangely enough, however, Padre Zaccaria, at the end of the last century, called attention to an entry in a German chronicle known as that of Alberic of Three Fountains, which states: "It is said that this year (1208) was celebrated as the fiftieth year, or the year of Jubilee and remission, in the Roman Court." Remarkable as this testimony was, for the entry had unquestionably been made before the time of Boniface VIII. and his proclamation of 1300, it was an isolated scrap of evidence and was disregarded. Chance has, however, led me to notice in a recently published volume of Father Dreves' *Analecta Hymnica*, a remarkable confirmation of Alberic's statement, even if we cannot regard it as a remarkable

confirmation of the tradition enshrined in the first Jubilee Bull. It is a hymn, or rather a Latin poem, found in a manuscript collection of the early thirteenth century at Florence.¹ It bears the title, *De Bello Sacro contra Albigenses*, and runs as follows:

Anni favor jubilæi
 Pœnarum laxat debitum,
 Post peccatorum vomitum
 Et cessandi propositum
 Currant passim omnes rei,
 Pro mercede regnum Dei
 Levi patet expositum.

Stilla mellis totum Evæ
 Dulcoravit absynthium,
 O pœnarum compendium,
 O dulce purgatorium,
 Tantas pœnas tempus breve
 Et extinctum lumen leve
 Reformat emunctorium.

Ad amplexus redi Christi,
 Fili tamdiu prodige,
 Crucis vexillum erige
 Et Albigeos abige,
 Totum uno redemisti,
 Qui vix granum intulisti
 Messem in grano collige.

It will be noticed that the verses speak not only of an *annus jubilæus*, which after all may only be an Old Testament allusion, but of confession and of indulgence of the most ample kind. The poem was no doubt written on occasion of the first crusading efforts made against the Albigenses, for which we know that the Holy See issued Bulls of Indulgence. The particular occasion may not impossibly be that referred to by the chronicler, Alberic of Three Fountains. We know, at any rate, that it was in the year 1208 that Peter de Castelnau was assassinated, and that the Pope caused a crusade to be preached against the Albigenses.

H. T.

¹ Codex Laurentianus, Plut. 29, 1. The poem quoted is printed by Father G. M. Dreves, S.J., in the 21st Fascicule of his *Analecta Hymnica*, p. 166. The early date of the MS. is confirmed by the high authority of M. Léopold Delisle, who also pronounces that the verses are of Anglo-Norman origin. (See *Analecta Hymnica*, xx. pp. 8, 9.)

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike."

The *Ladies' League Gazette* is apparently resolved to lose no opportunity of showing how strange an interpretation can be put by unreasoning intolerance upon the old maxim, *noblesse oblige*. In the current issue, *à propos* of the recent discussion in Parliament concerning the inspection of convent laundries, we read as follows :

The plain fact is that there are numerous laundries attached to convents, belonging both to the Church of England and to the Church of Rome, throughout the country, where young girls are made to work under a barbarous sweating system in the name of religion. The Committee of the Convent Enquiry Society state that, 'according to the concurrent testimony received from former inmates of these institutions connected with different convents, the treatment to which the young girls are compelled to submit is no better, but rather worse, than that dealt out to criminals. They are absolutely deprived of all liberty. They are worked like slaves, and instances have come to our knowledge of poor girls being compelled to work when seriously ill and suffering great pain. No remuneration is given for their labour. They are badly fed, and some complain that they are nearly starved, &c. &c. &c.'

Now one of two things. If it be true that all these horrors can be established as "a plain fact," it is the obvious duty of those who possess the requisite evidence to come boldly forward and give it to the world. If the Ladies' League and their precious Enquiry Society have the means of fastening such charges upon any particular institution, they have no possible excuse for failing to do their duty by specifying the culprits and marking them out for execration and punishment. But if, on the other hand, they do not venture upon such a course, and confine themselves to innuendos and denunciations which cannot be refuted because they are too vague and nebulous to be brought to book, they must be content to have it said of them that, in a sense somewhat different from that intended by St. Paul, the spirit by which they are possessed makes them ready to believe all things ; though they are not likely to persuade others to do so, until they have the courage to say plainly whom they mean to accuse, and are prepared to stand by what they say.

Reviews.

I.—THE FAITH OF THE MILLIONS.¹

IT is, we think, not too much to say that, since Newman no English Catholic writer has more fully gained the ear of the non-Catholic English reading public than Father Tyrrell, an assertion which seems to be borne out, as it was suggested, by the rapid sale of his books. To the number of these he has now added two new volumes, containing, indeed, nothing, except the Introduction, which has not already seen the light in the pages of *THE MONTH* or other Catholic reviews, but new to the public at large, and in some sense new to those who have hitherto only had the opportunity of reading the several essays piecemeal. If it be asked, what is the secret of Father Tyrrell's success (a success which is not merely literary, any more than it is merely commercial), the answer would seem to be that he has felt the pulse of an ailing age, of that section of society in particular which consists of more or less cultivated Englishmen, that he has probed its wounds and diagnosed its diseases, and (what is far more important) that he knows how to minister to these diseases with a heart full of sympathy—he has what has been called “a good bedside manner.” But even this were not enough by way of qualification for the task which he has taken in hand. In his own words, “that a given medicine is the best, avails nothing if it be not also one which the patient is willing to value.” Knowledge and sympathy are good and necessary, but John Bull in these days demands that his medicine shall sparkle and “fizz,” or he will have none of it. In these days no one need expect to be “extensively” read unless he has acquired the power of writing in a crisp style. And Father Tyrrell's style is nothing if not crisp and sparkling. The neat epigram, the happy comparison, the striking contrast, the apt—but never hackneyed—illustration, meet us at every turn; and while the subjects with which he deals are some of

¹ *The Faith of the Millions: A Selection of Past Essays.* By George Tyrrell, S.J. Two Volumes. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

the most profound which can occupy the mind of man, he contrives never—or, let us say “hardly ever”—to be dry.

The purpose which runs through the whole collection of essays, and which gives them a unity which those who have only read them singly could hardly be expected to perceive, is expressed in the following words of the Introduction :

If, therefore, it is justifiable, expedient, and imperative for us, here and now, to strive to do what the Church has done so wonderfully and fruitfully in the past; to acquire the knowledge, to understand the thought, of our own day, and to appropriate them to the illustration and expression of the faith; to address the intelligence of these times in its own language and on its own presuppositions; if we may appeal to reason at all, we should surely appeal to the highest and best as well as, or in preference to, the lowest; we should go to the root of the evil instead of endlessly nipping-off buds; we should care chiefly to influence those who influence others—who lead the fashion in opinion and taste; who determine and modify that mass of public beliefs which is the rule of faith for the millions. Strangely enough, those who are most distressed about the falling away of the multitudes, who are most clamorous for popular lectures and tracts on Christian Defence, are often disposed to regard more profound and wide-reaching efforts in precisely the same genus as symptomatic of a diseased intellectualism: and while they are urgent that the belief of the ill-educated should be dealt with controversially, they are scandalized at any attempt to meet the more cultivated intelligence on its own ground; as though the Gospel blessed reason only so long as it was popular and more or less sophistical, but banned it the moment it became searching and critical. Such a view is plainly the result of mere hesitancy and confusion of mind, and possibly of that general reluctance to accept a conclusion that entails new and burdensome duties to which we feel ourselves unequal.¹

“New and burdensome duties.” It is indeed a burdensome duty, if not altogether a new one, which Father Tyrrell has taken upon his shoulders, and we have good reason to be thankful that he has not felt himself unequal to it. And, since the work on which he is engaged is one in which the human instrument can but co-operate with Divine grace for the softening the heart and enlightening of the mind, we may feel well assured that the very burdensomeness of the task will prove to have been a not unimportant factor in its efficacy—its real, hidden efficacy—for good. The crispness and sparkle of Father Tyrrell’s style is no merely superficial quality, but is due

¹ Pp. xvii.—xix.

to hard and laborious thinking, which has issued in the power of summing up in a phrase, a metaphor, an antithesis, the results of days and perhaps years of alert vigilance and of mature reflection.

The most acceptable kind of review of such a work as this would, we feel sure, be one in which the reviewer should say as little, and allow Father Tyrrell to say as much as possible, within the allotted limits of space. And this ideal we shall endeavour at least to approach. The difficulty is to make a selection where all is so good. Here is a passage, from the essay on "Mother Juliana of Norwich," in which a particular point of contrast between the intellectual condition of the middle ages and of our own day, is suggestively coupled with an unexpected resemblance.

It cannot but startle us [in the Revelation of Mother Juliana] to find doubts that we hastily look upon as peculiarly "modern," set forth in their full strength and wrestled with and overthrown by an unlettered recluse of the fourteenth century. In some sense they are the doubts of all time, with perhaps just that peculiar complexion which they assume in the light of Christianity. Yet, owing to the modern spread of education, or rather to the indiscriminate divulcation of ideas; these problems are now the possession of the man in the street, whereas in former days they were exclusively the property of minds capable—not, indeed, of answering the unanswerable, but at least of knowing their own limitations and of seeing why such problems must always exist as long as man is man. Dark as the age of Mother Juliana was as regards the light of positive knowledge and information; yet the light of wisdom burnt at least as clearly and steadily then as now; and it is by that light alone that the shades of unbelief can be dispelled. Of course, wisdom without knowledge must starve or prey on its own vitals, and this was the intellectual danger of the middle ages; but knowledge without wisdom is so much food undigested and indigestible, *and this is the evil of our own day, when to be passably well-informed so taxes our time and energy as to leave us no leisure for assimilating the knowledge with which we have stuffed ourselves.*¹

The author, we may observe, takes occasion to inquire into the causes which have led so many thoughtful men in our own time to be interested in this fragment of mediæval hagiopsychology, after a long period during which it had been well-nigh forgotten. He says, very shrewdly:

An age takes its tone from the many who are the children of the past rather than from the few who are the parents of the future. Mother

¹ ii. 4, 5. Italics ours.

Juliana's book could hardly have become "popular" until these days of ours in which the disease of mind to which it ministers has become epidemic.¹

A point on which Father Tyrrell insists more than once, is the unquestionable fact that the vast majority even of school-taught mankind, do not and cannot think for themselves (except to a very limited extent) on the topics which are best worth thinking about, but that they are of necessity guided by "the common beliefs and opinions of the society into which [they] are born and in which [they] live." This gives occasion for a word about "intellectual pride," and also—in passing—for a word about the imputation of intellectual pride to others.

If there is such a thing as pride of intellect—and surely there is, though it is oftenest a stone to throw at those who do not make way for our own pride—it would seem to lie in a certain impatience at the limited nature of our mental faculties, a resentment that we are not created independent and self-sufficing in regard to the possession of truth, but must hang upon others and gather tares with our wheat, and struggle from darkness to dimness, and from dimness to a little light about little things. We would be as gods, knowing all things for ourselves; and so the vessel complains to the potter: Why hast thou formed me thus?²

Father Tyrrell nowhere—so far as we remember—uses the phrase "intellectual humility;" but the whole of his two volumes might be described as an informal treatise in which the importance of this mental predisposition is enforced from various points of view. Not the least weighty of the essays is the one which has for its title, "The Relation of Theology to Devotion," one which, we doubt not, will have lingered long in the memory of many readers of *THE MONTH*. A caution of almost primary moment is conveyed in passages like the following.

When we are told that Christ's Sacramental Body is not referred to space *ratione sui*, but only *ratione accidentis*; that it is not moved when the species are carried in procession; that we are not nearer to it at the altar than at the North Pole; we can only say that this "*ratione sui*" consideration does not concern us, nor is it any part of God's revelation. It does well to remind us that our Lord's Body is not to be thought of carnally and grossly; that our natural imagination of this mystery is necessarily childish and inadequate. But it does not give us a more, but if anything, a less adequate conception of it.

¹ P. 8. ² i. 213.

"This is My Body" is nearer the mark than metaphysics can ever hope to come; and of the two superstitions, that of the peasant who is too literally anthropomorphic, is less than [that] of the philosopher who should imagine his part to be the whole.¹

Art-criticism, as far as it formulates and justifies the best work of the best artists, may dictate to and correct inferior workmen; and theology, as far as it formulates and justifies the devotion of the best Catholics, and as far as it is true to the life of faith and charity as actually lived, so far is it a law and a corrective for all. But when it begins to contradict the facts of the spiritual life, it loses its reality and its authority; and needs itself to be corrected by the *lex orandi*.²

Those to whom mental prayer supplies the daily food of their souls, will find on pp. 247—250, of the same volume, a passage (too long to quote here), which may be read and re-read with profit, and which will be found capable of practical application to every incident or mystery which may be selected from the Life of our Lord as the subject of devout contemplation. Here, too, is a pregnant word on the genesis of superstition, a word thrown in, as it were, incidentally, but none the less valuable on that account.

The saints have always prayed to a God, conceived human-wise, albeit with the consciousness of the imperfection of even God's own self-chosen mode of revelation, and it is this consciousness that has saved them from superstition and anthropomorphism. We say, "the saints," because purity of heart is the safeguard against superstition. *It is the desire to "exploit" religion, to bribe the Almighty, to climb up by some other way, rather than to go through the one door of self-denial, that is the source of all corruption.*³

We had marked for quotation a number of other passages, but we must be content to give two of them. One is a brief contribution to the perennial controversy about church music and the fashion of ecclesiastical vestments.

There is no art too rough and primitive, or even too vulgar, for the Church to disdain, if it offers the only means of conveying her truth to certain minds. Though custom has made it classical, her liturgical language . . . when first assumed, was that of the mob—about as elegant as we consider the dialects of the peasantry. She did not use plain-chant for any of those reasons which antiquarians and ecclesiologists urge in its favour now-a-days, but because it was the only music then in vogue. Even to-day the breeziest melodies in the East are suggestive of the *Oratio Jeremie*. Her vestments (even Gothic vestments!) were once simply the "Sunday best" of the fashion of those days.⁴

¹ i. 244, 245. Italics ours. ² P. 252. ³ Pp. 250, 251. Italics ours. ⁴ ii. 123.

This of course is not the whole truth on the matter, but the author—not without a touch of humour—has here presented an aspect of the truth which is too often forgotten amid the clash of conflicting opinions. But this is not the only page on which Father Tyrrell is humorous. The essay entitled “An Apostle of Naturalism” (the apostle being Mr. Samuel Laing), affords a specimen of a style of controversy which is by no means habitual with the author, and shows that he can no less vigorously wield the club, than he can dexterously handle the foil.

Pessimism, we are told confidentially, is not an outcome of just reasoning on the miserable residue of hope which materialism leaves to us, but of the indisposition “of those digestive organs upon which the sensation of health and well-being so mainly depends.” “It is among such men, with cultivated intellects, sensitive nerves, and bad digestion, that we find the prophets and disciples of pessimism.” The inference is, that men of uncultivated intellects, coarse nerves, and ostrich livers, will coincide with Mr. Laing in his sanguine view of the ruins of religion. The sorrowing dyspeptic asks in despair: “Son of man, thinkest thou that these dry bones will live again?” “I’m cock-sure of it,” answers Mr. Laing, and the ground of his assurance is the healthiness of his liver.¹

Mr. Laing’s book has, to our certain knowledge, worked a deal of mischief. We could recommend no better antidote than this essay, in which Father Tyrrell, we are glad to see, does not take him too seriously. But, indeed, these two volumes are full of antidotes for a variety of modern diseases. That the essays are flawless we do not pretend, but we do not propose to waste our time, or try our readers’ patience, in an ungracious attempt to point out the shortcomings (real or imaginary) of an author to whom we, in common with many others, are so deeply indebted.

2.—THE ETERNAL CITY.²

Mr. Hall Caine’s latest work has been so badly mauled by many of its reviewers that we are not disposed to judge it too harshly. After all he has taken considerable pains to find out something about Roman affairs before plunging into print about them; nor are his judgments about the Papacy and Catholicism

¹ ii. 162.

² *The Eternal City*. By Hall Caine. London: Heinemann, 1901.

malicious or intolerant, however erroneous. But no man is ever so interesting as when writing about those unsought experiences that have really formed his mind and shaped his life; nor can any amount of industry applied to the results of brief travel make him at home in another world than his own. Mr. Caine belongs to the Isle of Man and not to Rome; and no quantity of local colouring, however thickly daubed on, can blind us to this fact. Profusely as the text is peppered with Italianisms, the spirit it enshrines is hopelessly British and Philistian from beginning to end. We may leave the romantic aspect of the work aside and consider the doctrinal; for Mr. Caine interests us more as a popular teacher and prophet than as one of the crowd of novelists who minister to the sickly appetite of the hundreds of thousands who are in search of new sensations. In the exercise of this latter ministry he gives us a strange medley of old and new, present and future, fact and fiction—a year that is 1900 and some other year; a Pope who is Leo XIII. and some other Pope; a political and ecclesiastical situation mingled of that which is, that which might be, and that which could never possibly be. The plot, which is so fairly evident before page 50 as to relieve the remaining five hundred and fifty pages of any wildly distracting interest, consists in the conversion of the Pope by his own son to the wisdom of Mr. Hall Caine's views; and of course a woman comes in to mix things up and spin them out. What then is this new evangel, which is announced to the Pope by David Leone *alias* Rossi?

It is the gospel of a somewhat crude and impossible democracy, which finds its warrant in a childish superficial exegesis of the Lord's Prayer, of which even so uncatholic a thinker as Dr. Harnack has exposed the fallacy in his recent lectures on "What is Christianity?" "With this prayer," says the latter, "we ought to confront all those who disparage the Gospel by representing it as . . . a sociological pronouncement." "Jesus was no social reformer. . . . Yet again and again people have ventured to deduce some concrete social programme from the Gospel." Such a venture was Rossi's programme of the Republic of Man—"The fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of man; equality of human rights; abolition of war, of national boundaries, of the custom-house officer, of the soldier, of distinctions of race, of ownership of land, of capital, of authority; of the Vatican, of . . . of everything"—

as his arch-enemy, Baron Bonelli, not unjustly sums it up.¹

However hostile the feelings of the Vatican towards the Quirinal may be ; however it may suit the present needs of the Papacy to pose as the friend of the people and of the working-classes, and to league for a time with the enemies of the throne ; yet, we are told, the interests of throne and altar are really one, both alike prey upon the people, and their quarrel is only over the division of the spoils. Formerly it was Christ for the people against Cæsar, "but now Cæsar and Christ seem to be Siamese twins, and to share the throne together."² The Papacy, according to our anarchist saint and hero, is essentially anti-democratic, and aims, not merely at temporal independence as a condition of spiritual liberty, but at universal temporal dominion ; at "a great federation league of all the States of the world, each governed by its own laws and rulers, but all subject to Rome as their metropolis." "There is no alliance between the cause of the people and the temporal claims of the Papacy ; there is war, bitter war. The one belongs to the future, the other to the past." Such is the Papacy as at present cumbered with that mill-stone which the lust of temporal power has tied round its neck ; but some future Pontiff, fired by a perusal of *The Eternal City*, will doubtless cut the cord and thereby realize the Rome of David Rossi's visions. "Her destiny is to be the capital of the world's great congress—the court of the Republic of Man."³ "I dream of a Holy Father of the people who will be made spiritual sovereign on earth, not by the Holy Spirit acting on seventy cardinals acting in the secrecy of sealed doors, but on the whole world in the light of Heaven."⁴ "He (the Pope) was to divest himself of temporalities and armies and empires and worldly possessions, because he was to see that the mastership of souls was alone worth having," &c., &c.⁵

Without entering into prolonged discussion, it will be enough to notice that Mr. Caine has no clear grasp of the principles of the Gospel, or of the Democracy, or of the Papacy—the three terms with which he is dealing ; that his problem is a bogus problem and his solution therefore chimerical. On his own showing, David Rossi's visions were not shared by the revolutionists and anarchists of whom he was professedly the

¹ P. 35. Cf. Rossi's own words, pp. 44, 66, 169, where this programme is emphasized and elaborated.

² P. 143.

³ P. 169.

⁴ P. 371.

⁵ P. 562.

champion, and whom the Papacy opposes on precisely the same grounds that he himself did—namely, on account of their violent and unconstitutional methods. But even the idealized anarchism of Rossi is falsely identified with the principles of the Gospel and of the Lord's Prayer, and on this score alone is opposed by the Church. Finally, the confusion of the claim to temporal independence with a claim to universal monarchy is a palpable though popular fallacy. To be under none, it is not necessary to be over all. Hence to represent the conflict between the Church and the anarchists as a conflict between tyranny and the people, or between Cæsar and Christ, or the world and the Gospel, is to create a dramatic situation more interesting than historical. The misfortune is that, in consequence of an ingenious and somewhat treacherous mingling of fact and fiction, already referred to, all this will pass for excellent historical criticism with the thousands who can know no other Rome than that of Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Marie Corelli. Still it is perhaps a better Rome than they have been accustomed to by Protestant fiction in the past—for which very small mercy we may be thankful. To those about to read *The Eternal City*, we would give *Punch's* time-honoured advice in another matter—"Don't!"

3.—A MEDIÆVAL HERO OF CARMEL.¹

A Mediæval Hero of Carmel is an account of the life and career of St. Peter Thomas, whose lot was cast in the first half of the fourteenth century. The author, in his Preface, assumes that the name is unfamiliar to most readers, as is no doubt the case; but he claims that the life was worth recording, as one that entered into the history of an interesting period. Peter was of humble birth, but profiting by the educational facilities of those days, he made good progress in letters, and, on joining the Carmelite Order, was sent to the University of Paris, where he afterwards became a Professor. On leaving Paris he was sent to the convent of his Order at Avignon, at that time the residence of the Papal Court. His labours among the people there won him the title of Apostle of Avignon, and his abilities also gained for him theological employment in the Papal service. From this time onward he

¹ *A Mediæval Hero of Carmel.* By the Rev. P. T. Burke, O.D.C. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker.

became one of the prominent men of his day. He was sent as Legate to North Italy, Naples, and Vienna, in each case on embassies of great difficulty, which he successfully accomplished. This was under Innocent VI., who next sent him to the East to conduct the negotiations with the Greek Emperor for the reunion of the Churches. Here again he was successful for the time, and John Palæologus VI. made a solemn abjuration of the schism. This led to his being appointed Patriarch of Constantinople, but his talent as a Legate caused him to be still employed in public affairs. In the midst, however, of all these dignities he continued to be a humble and fervent Religious. Indeed it was the spectacle of this sanctity which won for him the influence on which his various diplomatic successes were founded.

It might, perhaps, have been possible to make more of a life entering so much into the great movements of the time, but the author's aim has been the more modest aim of making known one of the great men of his Order, and he writes in an easy and flowing style. It would have been better, however, to be less optimistic in estimating the character of the Avignon Pontiffs. Urban V. was indeed a saint, and Pastor has corrected the impression that these Popes were all bad. But it is a little too strong to claim for them that "they were all zealous men, and laboured much for the spread of Christianity; (that) they condemned in the strongest terms the debasement of society at the time; (that) they endeavoured to correct the abuses caused by unworthy ecclesiastics."

4.—JOHN GILDART, AN HEROIC POEM.¹

Whilst we were preparing a notice of this little volume in ordinary course, a circular thoughtfully sent us by the publishers has saved us from the fate which awaits those who embark upon enterprises beyond their strength. The information thus supplied is as follows:

John Gildart, an Heroic Poem. The Great American Epic. There had been only four Epics written, viz.: the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, and the English. *John Gildart* is the world's fifth Epic. It is the only American Epic, and the only one ever written by a woman. It is a war story, '61—'65, and is more thrilling and fascinating than a novel.

¹ *John Gildart, an Heroic Poem.* By Mrs. M. E. Henry Ruffin, Mobile, Ala. W. H. Young and Co., 27, Barclay Street, New York City. \$1 50c.

This being so, we hasten to renounce our rash design of posing as critics of such a work. THE MONTH has no experience in the reviewing of Epic poems, nor opportunity of going into training for so grave a task, and we must therefore be content with noting some of the more salient features presented by this latest recruit enrolled in the ranks of the immortals, as they will strike the eye of the ordinary observer.

The poem does not attain the usual dimensions of an epic, and in about seven hundred lines, of various metre, tells the story of a young Virginian farmer, who during the War of Secession, having joined the Confederate Army, and then gone home without leave to see his wife and children, was shot for a deserter, so that it would not be very difficult to mistake it for a mere idyl with a melancholy ending. On the other hand, it is, we suppose, the only epic which has made its first appearance in a copiously illustrated edition, and is certainly the first to be illustrated with "process" plates. It is likewise provided with a portrait of the author, whom we are to rank with those of the *Iliad*, *Aeneid*, *Divina Commedia*, and *Paradise Lost*, and apparently above that of the *Odyssey*, to which by implication a place among epics is denied. In one respect she happily has the advantage over the father and leader of them all. Whereas Homer, according to tradition, had to beg his bread, Mrs. Ruffin is the daughter of one of the most distinguished merchants and bankers of Mobile, Ala., where she resides, as, with other particulars, we learn from Colonel W. D. Mann's *New York Town Topics*, an organ of fame anything like which was not at the service of the Mæonian bard, whose poem Phæbus challenged for his own.

5.—A CONFESSION BOOK FOR YOUNG AND OLD.¹

We call this a book for young and old, though Mother M. Loyola would probably protest that it is only meant for children. But there are some matters in which we are always children, or in which, at any rate, the childlike attitude remains to the end of our days the most natural and congenial. Confession is certainly one of these, and so in spite of its simple vocabulary and restricted examination of conscience, we expect

¹ "Forgive us our Trespasses," or Talks before Confession. A book for children. By Mother M. Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York. xvi. and 142 pp. Catholic Truth Society.

that this small volume will find quite as many patrons amongst adults as amongst the little folk for whom it is intended. In any case we have no hesitation in saying, that as regards the one essential and fundamental point, the act of contrition, which for most people who regularly frequent the sacraments is the chief and only source of difficulty, this little book seems singularly suggestive and helpful.

As Father Thurston remarks in his Preface, the work bears every mark of having grown out of practical experience. Mother Loyola has, for instance, been guided by a thoroughly sound instinct in thinking that for children, an occasional stanza of verse breaking in upon the monotony of the full printed page, sums up an argument, stimulates thought, and readily finds a place in the memory. Even doggerel would be useful for such a purpose, but most of Mother Loyola's verses are very far removed from doggerel. The following lines, for instance, upon the Crowning of Thorns, as a motive for contrition, seem to us excellent :

Was it my hand, O King of kings,
That wove that crown,
And laid it on Thy royal head
And pressed it down,
Blinding with tears and trickling blood
Thine eyes divine,
My God was this the work of sin,
And sin of mine ?

Another practical feature in the book which we have noticed, is the short collection of Gospel stories at the end : "Stories to read whilst I am waiting my turn." They are very familiar stories : "The Pool of Bethesda," "The Ten Lepers," "The Prodigal Son," &c., and yet the author manages to invest them with a charm and freshness, which appeals to the most jaded of us. We are not sure, after all, that Mother Loyola's happiest gift does not lie in simple narrative.

6.—JULIAN THE APOSTATE.¹

The name of M. Paul Allard is very well known to all students of the early Christian centuries. While adhering to it seems to us somewhat too tenaciously at times to a conservative scholarship by attempting to vindicate traditions which the new historical criticism has all but shattered, it will be admitted

¹ *Julien l'Apostat.* Par Paul Allard. Vol. I. Paris : V. Lecoffre, 1900.

on all hands that M. Allard is a genuine student who uses his authorities candidly and fairly, who keeps abreast of the progress of modern research, and who possesses the gift of a singularly lucid and agreeable style, which imparts interest to themes in themselves unpromising. In his account of the career of Julian the Apostate, of which only the first volume has yet reached us, M. Allard has chosen a theme which is far from unpromising, and he has done it admirable justice. Perhaps no character in history is more rich in psychological problems than that of the Emperor Julian. The author, it seems to us, has succeeded in bringing the man very vividly before us, and he has succeeded precisely because he has not started off with a preconceived theory and an assumption of omniscience as to motives of action. If we may venture a criticism, we should be inclined to say that he has fitted his picture with somewhat too heavy a frame. The introductory chapters, dealing with the state of society in the fourth century, though excellent in themselves, leave the reader a little impatient at being kept so long upon the threshold before coming to the heart of the book. The author is more successful in his account of the Emperor's youth and early training, a division of the work which is marked both by strength and originality of treatment. The volume concludes with a picturesque narrative of Julian's campaign in Gaul, and his election as Emperor. The author promises a critical appreciation of Ammonius Marcellinus and the other sources of his history at the end of the second and concluding volume. We shall await its appearance with interest.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

UNDER the title of the *Land of the Brahmins (Nel Paese dei Bramini—Storia, Credenze, Costumi*. Prato: Giachetti), Father Bartoli has recounted, for Italian readers, the tragic story of the Indian Mutiny, enriching his narrative with abundant information concerning India, its customs, religious beliefs, ceremonies, philosophic systems, &c., the whole being skilfully woven together by a slight thread of romance. Father Bartoli gives a list of his authorities, which are nearly all English, and all

of them trustworthy, ranging from the scientific works of Professor Max Müller and Sir Monier Williams to narratives of military adventure like Lord Roberts' *Forty-one Years in India*. The author's own experience as a missionary in the East is a guarantee for the fidelity of his pictures of Oriental life, both native and Anglo-Indian, while he possesses all the literary skill needed to tell most effectively such thrilling stories as those of Lucknow and Cawnpore. Considering its 800 pages and numerous illustrations, the volume is astonishingly cheap at three francs. We strongly recommend it to those who are on the look-out for an interesting book to keep up their own Italian or to give to their young people. The profits arising from its sale will be devoted to the author's old mission of Mangalore.

We have before us this time but one C.T.S. publication requiring notice, but it is a very welcome one. It is a translation under the title of *Ecclesiastical Precepts in reference to Catholic Church Music*, of the first part of Provost Mittereis' important work, the translator being Mr. Jacobskötter, who must be congratulated on having given us a thoroughly idiomatic English version—no easy task when the original is German. To attempt to follow the discussions on Church music which are continually cropping up many must have wished to have before them in a handy form the text of the Church's legislation and various instructions on the subject. This the present tract supplies, as well as useful information in foot-notes, which are mostly explanations of technical terms. These latter have been added by the translator, but with the author's approval.

It is now four years since *Ten Years in Anglican Orders* (Burns and Oates) first appeared, and at that time it was welcomed by the late Dr. Rivington as an instance of a conversion of a Low Churchman; secondly, as "the unveiling of a soul's struggles towards the truth, described with a pathos and power of analysis which are rarely combined." It is satisfactory to find that Dr. Rivington's appreciation of this little book has been shared by so many others, for this, we suppose, is implied in the fact that a third edition has been thought practicable. To this third edition the Cardinal Archbishop has prefixed a short and laudatory Preface.

Simeon, known as the Metaphrast, is not perhaps the most satisfactory of authorities out of which to build up the story of an elusive personality like St. George. But if one is prepared

to take the Metaphrast and Heylin for granted, Dean Fleming, in *The Life of St. George, Martyr, Patron of England* (Washbourne), has, perhaps, put together as intelligible an account of our national Patron as is to be found in any existing work, or is to be hoped for in the near future. We are at any rate entirely at one with the reverend author, in thinking that the Acts of St. George, submitted to Pope Gelasius and now preserved to us, with variations, in certain Coptic and Latin transcripts, are probably unhistorical. That at least is something gained for the cause of the Church and of Truth. Dean Fleming has evidently taken much pains in gathering materials from far and near within the covers of this elegant little volume, and we feel that he himself deserves the encomium, which, as he records, was paid of old to Simeon, St. George's biographer. "All praise unto that Blessed Metaphrastes who with such infinite pains and labour hath published the glorious sufferings of the martyrs for the holy Truth." We note that Dean Fleming does not mention that Toulouse claims to be one of the many places which possess the body of St. George. But neither in the case of St. Edmund nor in that of St. George, is it possible to believe that either the Saint or his biographer were quite "all there."

No one will deny to Dr. Edward Berdoe the praise of humanity, or question the honest zeal which makes him so resolute an opponent of vivisection. But it is hard to understand how he can hope to convince any one of its unlawfulness by the style of reasoning adopted in *Humane Methods in Medicine* (Ernest Bell). This reasoning is two-fold. First, he assures us that the progress in the healing art due to vivisection is not of any great importance. This may be his judgment, but we have to take into account that the general verdict of surgeons is flatly opposed to it. Secondly, he traces a resemblance between the experiments of the modern vivisectionist and such strange prescriptions of former days, involving suffering to animals, as for instance the notion that eating the spleen of a dog, taken out of its body during life, was a valuable medicine. Thirdly, he lays stress on the recent discovery that sunlight can be made available for the cure of lupus, and then argues that this should lead the faculty to dispense with vivisection. What sort of inference is this?

We are glad to call the attention of our readers to a new departure in Spanish Catholic journalism which has made its first appearance in this month of September in which we are

writing. It is called *Razón y Fe* (Reason and Faith), and is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. In scope it appears very similar to its companion journal, the French *Études*, the Italian *Civiltà Cattolica*, or the German *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*. As will be seen from the contents given below, its first number offers a very varied programme. Considering the bulk of this monthly magazine, which will form three volumes annually of 512 pages each, the subscription price which, even for countries outside of Spain, is only fifteen francs, seems to us extremely moderate.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

RAZON Y FE. (No. 1, September.)

To our Readers. Science and Revelation in the Nineteenth Century. *L. Murillo*. Is the Education Problem a novel one? *J. M. Aicardo*. Why are the Religious Orders so hated? *P. Villada*. The true position of Philosophy among the Sciences. *J. J. Urráburu*. Santiago de Galicia. *Fidel Fita*. A Hidden Celebrity. *J. Alarcón*. Botanical Rambles in Galicia. *B. Merino*. Reviews. Scientific Chronicle. Ecclesiastical Documents and Discussions. Miscellaneous Items of News.

DER KATHOLIK. (September.)

Weremouth-Jarrow and Rome in the Seventh Century. *Dr. J. Zettinger*. A Philosophy of Religion and Revelation. *J. Mausbach*. The Cultus of St. Martin in the Cathedral of Mainz during the Middle Ages. The Crypt of St. Peter's. *C. M. Kauffmann*. Marginal Notes to Harnack's What is Christianity? *Dr. J. Adloff*. The Acts of Ignatius. *Dr. B. Sepp*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (September 7 and 21.)

The duty of Italian Catholics at the present Crisis. The First Consul and the Concordat. The Book of Ancient Prayers (a review of Dom Cabrol's *La Livre de la Pièce Antique*). Studies in Christian and Patristic Literature. The Revolution and the Papacy. The Social Question and Christian Democracy. Haunted Houses. The History of the Holy Year (a review of Father Thurston's *Holy Year of Jubilee*). Archæology, St. Saba on the Aventine. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (September.)

- The Saviour as He went in and out amongst men. *M. Meschler*.
 The Development of Modern Morphology and Microscopy. *E. Wasmann*. Moral Theology and its Critics. *A. Lehnkuhl*. The Foundation and Growth of the Library of Nicholas V. *J. Hilgers*. An Anarchist Leader. *S. von Dunin-Borkowski*. Reviews, &c.

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (September 5 and 20.)

- "Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné" (Under Sentence of Death). *J. Burnichon*. Napoleon and the Divorce—an unpublished Letter of Cardinal Fesch. *P. Dudon*. Literature of the Day. *H. Bremond*. Greek Astronomy. *J. de Joannis*. A Stab in the Back. *J. Brucker*. Balzac. *G. Longhaye*. School Reform in Prussia. *P. Bernard*. Anti-Jesuit Charges, Old and New. *J. Brucker*. The Story of a Collegian (a review of M. Dimier's *La Souricière*). *H. Bremond*. Malebranche. *X. Moisant*. Socialism and Work. *J. de Bricourt*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (September.)

- St. Anselm's Argument. *P. Ragey*. Rhythm and Harmony. *Abbé Delfour*. Dante Alighieri. *P. Fontaine*. St. Helen and the Relics of the Holy Cross. *L. de Comber*. A Poet's Manuscript. *A. Rochette*. Recent Philosophy. *E. Blanc*. Books on Holy Scripture. *E. Jacquier*. Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (September.)

- Pen and Pencil. *L. Humblet, S.J.* The Struggle between Russia and Finland. *J. Leclercq*. Scientific Novelties. *H. Primbault*. The Encyclical, *Graves de Communi*. *H. Castelein, S.J.* An Official Tour through the Catalan Pyrenees. *F. Buet*. Rousseau and Mme. de Genlis. *E. Coz*. An Unknown Masterpiece of the Middle Ages. *H. Glaesener*. Reviews, &c.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. (September.)

- Mgr. de la Rochefoucauld. *J. G. Daley*. Unexpected Death. *J. J. Walsh, M.D.* The Irish Revival of To-day and the Clergy. *P. Forde*. Money Interest and Papal Infallibility. *J. Campbell*. Luke Delmege. Reviews, &c.

